

FAMILY JOTTINGS

BY

WALTER BOLUS

Author's Note

This little pamphlet is intended for private circulation to family and relatives.

I have been in the habit of jotting down bits and pieces of our family story and when, quite recently, my grandfather's diary became available, it seemed worthwhile to have it all recorded in the hope that a few copies may survive long enough to be read by some of the very numerous and very young persons whose names and ancestry appear in the family "trees" at the back.

I must thank the many people who helped me with information, especially Joyce Luman and Joan Dreyer, both of whom have been very patient.

My thanks are also due to the Graaff Reinet Board of Executors, for permission to print the photograph of Dr. Harry Bolus.

P.O. Box 121,
Saxonwold,
Johannesburg.

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FAMILY JOTTINGS

These notes are written in July 1967, and the idea is to record bits and pieces of our family story, which I have got together by "quizzing" the older members like Margaret Gately (she died last year) and from odd cuttings and from my grandfather's rather thin diaries. With the exception of Alfred Bolus' daughter, Joyce Luman, nobody has taken much interest in the family tree, and before writing about the Bolus side I hope to glean more information from her, at a later date.

THE DAVIS, GATELY AND LOGAN FAMILIES

Thanks to the very thorough copies of birth and death facts provided by Margaret Gately and other recollections in her letters, and to her niece Joan Dreyer, we get a fairly clear picture of my mother's side.

The very first South African record is of the marriage of Thomas Davis, a sergeant in H.M.'s 24th. Regiment of Foot, to Anne Anson, the ceremony being performed by R. Jones "Chaplain to the Forces at the Colony", at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, on 30th September A.D. 1807. This Thomas Davis was born in Oswestry, a market town in Shropshire (Salop), a North West Midland County bordering on Wales. The next we hear of Thomas Davis and his wife Anne is in India, where David, John Llewellyn and Rosanna were born, and where the parents died in 1818, at Dinapore, a military town on the River Ganges, in Bengal. There is no record of the cause of the parents' deaths, nor of how the infants (Rosanna was one year old) got back to England. The voyage round the Cape in the sailing vessels of those days must have taken nearly a year.

David Davis (my mother's grandfather) enlisted in the Royal Artillery in 1826, and he married Mary Casey at Clonmel, Ireland, on November 2nd. 1837, the year Queen Victoria came to the Throne! They had ten children, and the record of their births, christenings and deaths gives us the story of how the family were transferred around by the Army.

The eldest daughter Rosanna (my grandmother) was born at Portsmouth, and the second daughter Mary Anne (Margaret Gately's mother) was born near Southampton. The next births are Ellen at St. Anne's, Barbadoes and Margaret at Fort King George, Tobago, West Indies. In 1848 Richard saw the light of day at St. Anne's Barbadoes. Then two more children were born in England in 1850 and 1852, and then we get to George William, who was born at sea, on board the ship Maidstone on 24th. September 1854 "in Lat. 31'35" South, Long. 19'20" West".

This ship must have brought the family out to South Africa, as the next births are at Post Victoria and Post Retief in 1857 (Elizabeth) and 1859 (Alfred). Presumably these were military posts, near King Williams Town, as it is there that Rosanna married Tom Logan in 1855 and Mary Anne Married John Gately in 1859.

Joan Dreyer points out that the list of christenings shows the two eldest daughters, Rosanna and Mary Anne, as having been christened in the Catholic Chapel at Portsea, and the others by Anglican curates. The accepted story is that the christenings were done by whatever military padre was available - luckily Rosanna and Mary Anne both married Catholic Irishmen!

The Gatelys had twelve children and the Logans nine, and as far as we know all were born either at King Williams Town or East London. The last member of this generation of these families was Margaret, who died in October 1966, aged 87.

Margaret's father, John Gately, who was born at Roscommon, in Ireland, in 1829, and died at East London in 1902, is known as the "Father of East London", as from the city's earliest days he took a prominent part in the civic affairs and was the first mayor. A street and an industrial township in East London have been named after him. He built the house at Park Gates (where Margaret lived until her death) nearly a hundred years ago, and there all his family except the first two were born. Recently the East London Municipality bought the old place, Margaret having willed the contents to the people of the city, and it is now known as Gately House and is a portion of the East London Museum. It is of interest to note that John Gately came to South Africa as a soldier in the 60th. Royal Rifles, and he took part in the Kaffir Wars 1850-1853. He paid £5 to buy his discharge in 1857.

John Gately was a staunch pillar of the Catholic Church, and his eldest daughter, Rosanna, joined the Convent of the Sacred Heart at King Williams Town on 21st November 1883 as Sister Amanda, and she was for many years the Mother Superior of the Potchefstroom Convent. Lewis, her brother, became a priest, and was stationed at King Williams Town for most of his life.

We seem to know less about the Logans, as nobody was thoughtful enough to keep any records. They lived in "King" where Tom Logan owned property and had an hotel. There is a stained glass window in the R.C. Church there, in memory of Tom and Rosanna Logan. Grandfather Tom Logan died at King Williams Town on 18th September 1884, and shortly after this, Grandmother Rosanna sold the hotel and property, and the whole family, eight or nine of them, came up to the then new Johannesburg, in an ox wagon, in 1889. Margaret Gately told me she remembered getting letters from Gertrude (my mother's sister), telling of the tiresome journey, and how they often walked to relieve the monotony. The trip took 40 days.

My mother and "Auntie Gertie" often mentioned the End Street Convent, and their connection with it. As they were both over school age when they reached Johannesburg, they may have been pupil teachers. Gertrude had a glorious contralto voice and was much in demand as a singer, and hers was always the dominant voice in church choirs. Four of their brothers - James, Tom, Frank (killed) and Joseph were in the Boer War, but there is no record of the units in which they served. Gertrude married John Mordy Lambe, a well known electrical engineer in later years. He came to South Africa at the turn of the century and started as the City Electrical Engineer at Kimberley, and subsequently took on the East London post, where he was for many years a prominent man in his profession. He died in 1958, aged 78.

You will notice in the Logan family tree a third sister, Mary Anne, who married Michael Goold. In 1879 she went to Ireland, and possibly also to America with her husband and her father, and the Goolds seem to have got completely out of touch from the rest of the family, from that time; it was only recently that I heard, through Joan Dreyer, of descendants living in this country, Joan's aunt, Mrs. Milly Goold, who lives in Durban, has kindly supplied the data about her side of the family.

The final item I wish to record in the Logan/Gately story is the haven of help to relatives and friends which the dear old Gately home has been over the years - the ailing and the financially embarrassed, the old and the young. I write as a youthful member of my own family who enjoyed the kindness of the Gately's many, many years ago. In the year 1909 my father was obviously on his "beams"! He sent my mother and her three children down to the Gatelys at Park Gates, and he went up to Southern Rhodesia to prospect for gold, to try to restore the family fortunes. At Park Gates, "Auntie Mary", Margaret's mother, was the head of the household, and other members living there were Eddie, Mary, Arthur (I hardly remember him), Margaret (then we called her "Maggie") Dick (Joan Dreyer's father - I don't remember him at all) Fred and Nora. We children attended the convent and we stayed at the Gatelys for quite a time - probably two years, until my father improved his position, as we later took a house at 6 St. Michael's Road, Southernwood, and I then went to Selborne College, the girls remaining

at the convent. At the end of 1911 we all came back to Johannesburg.

Coming down to the present time, Margaret had told me there are still members of the Davis family in the Transkei, and I later went to Joan Dreyer's home at Willowvale and she put me in touch with Bob Davis of Engcobo, who has furnished more dates etc., and I hope to meet him later this year. Margaret mentioned that since her mother's death, they had really lost touch. There are also Barnetts - descendants of the Ellen who married Rev. Jock Owen - but on our side we do not seem to have known these people - they are just names on the family tree. Perhaps in the dim future contact will be established!

On the Gately side, only the two girls, Maureen and Joan are left to carry on the line, and on the Logan side the same position exists - there are no more male Logans!

The only other Gately we know of, with the same spelling, is a retired Standard Bank Manager. I met him some five or six years ago, and he said he thought he was related, but far back in the dim past in Ireland.

THE FARRELL, WILLIAMS, CHRISTIANI AND DU TOIT FAMILIES.

Here again, we do not have much information, and nobody seems to have kept any sort of record.

James Farrell married Anne Brady (1825-1897), probably in Ireland, and their first child, Anne, was born there. They had seven more children, all born in South Africa, probably in Cape Town, the youngest being Mother's father Michael Farrell, and he was born in 1868 and died in 1912, from Bright's disease. He spent most of his life in Cape Town, but as a young man he was for some time in the British South Africa Company Police, and was awarded the Matabeleland 1893 Medal, which I still have. It is thought that he was amongst those who were given a grant of land in Southern Rhodesia, for their services. Many young men swapped their land (pretty useless in those days) for a few bottles of whisky - perhaps he did this, as nothing more was ever heard of his "plot"! As recently as 1963 we made an enquiry at the State Archives in Salisbury - his name is on the lists, but no grant of land.

Of Michael's brothers and sisters, except Mary and Ellen, nothing is known. Mary, always called Aunty Minnie, married a man named Doyle, and they had three children, Girlie, Tissie and Michael, and the latter, who practised his profession for a short time (he was an attorney), became the laughing stock of the family, as during a mild illness he took to his bed, and he liked it so much that he remained there for the rest of his life - and it was many years. He was able to do this, as his mother, Aunty Minnie, had owned "Randalls", a well known bar, for a very long time and she was able to support him. "Randalls" in the Main Road, Rondebosch, is still there, although re-built. The invalid, Michael, died in 1925. Aunty Minnie married a second time, to P. W. Greene, and they had a daughter and a son, the latter being killed in a mining accident on the Reef.

Michael Farrell's other sister about whom we know was Ellen, who died long ago, in 1900. Her husband was a chap named Vos, and she was the mother of Clifford, Maxie, Tommy, Lilly (married Yearsley and had a daughter, now Joy Oldridge) and Maud, who married Ambrose Warner, their son being John. Maud died four or five years ago - she and Mother were great friends.

The Clifford Vos above had a son, also Clifford, who was in the R. A. F. in the last war. He did wonderfully well and was highly decorated and is still in England. Maxie is dead, and Tommy very much alive, and lives in Hermanus. A point of interest about the original Vos (Ellen's husband) is that one of his sisters became mother of the well known former parliamentarian Harry Lawrence.

We must now turn to the maternal forebears and record that Henry Williams married Ellen Cole, presumably in England, and their only child was Martha Rebecca Williams, who was born in London in 1855. She married W. F. Christiani and they had two daughters, Ellen Susan and Henrietta, the latter being born in Malmesbury on July 2nd 1880. Christiani, was born in Holland in 1854, proved an unstable character and he deserted Martha Rebecca and their two daughters and came up to the Rand Goldfields in the early nineties. But if he was unstable, his wife was not, and this determined woman followed him up to the Rand, found out he had bigamously married someone, and had him jailed!

With hard work, thrift and a good head for business, Mrs Williams (she had reverted to her maiden name) succeeded financially over the years, and in late life (in 1932 when she married Captain Sydney Graves, a Police pensioner) she was a woman of means. She died in 1945 aged 90, leaving R4000 to her daughter Henrietta Johnson and very much more than this to her deceased daughter's children, the du Toits.

At the time of writing these du Toits are still about - Millie Quibell a widow, living in Cape Town, Harold a retired magistrate, living in Ramsgate, Natal South Coast, and Reggie, an auctioneer/business man living in Cape Town. Mother lost touch with them. Their father, John du Toit, was closely associated with Michael Farrell in a period when they must all have been very prosperous,

as they owned a couple of race horses (a well known animal named Ceyx - pronounced Sykes - was often mentioned) and John du Toit died young and quite suddenly from a horse sickness called glanders - a most uncommon end!

Early in 1896 Michael Farrell married Henrietta Christiani (then aged 15½ years). They lost their first born, and then Susan Doris, Hilda Anne and Michael Dudley arrived, and in 1902 these three were left in the care of a Mr and Mrs Henderson (hired for the job) while the parents went for a trip to England and Ireland. On their return Horace was born.

Michael Farrell Senr. died in 1912 from Bright's disease, and eight years later Gran married Frank William Johnson. He turned out to be a "dud", but she stuck it out for many years, until a divorce (I think she had to pay for it) was arranged in 1936. From then on she supported herself running a tea room in Port Elizabeth, and afterwards managing Cleghorn's cafe there. Later she became the travelling representative for John Orr's "Gossard" department, and in this billet she "worked" the Transvaal by car, with her African driver for some years, until the outbreak of the last war. Her last job was superintendent of Croyden Mansions, in Wanderers Street, Johannesburg. She died on 23rd March 1962.

THE DALLAMORE FAMILY.

The first we hear of the Dallamore family is a remark in my grandfather's diary on Queen's Birthday /57 - presumably 24th. May 1857. He mentions that on this day he was introduced to Harriet Dallamore. On Christmas day of that year (he was 21 at this time) he went to a small picnic, and amongst those present were Mrs. Dallamore, Sophie and Harriet, Mrs. Klinck and Sempy Randall. He mentions that at this picnic "S and I commenced." A few days later, at Mrs. Proudfoot's party he says he kissed Sophie for the first time "in the dark".

The course of true love does not appear to have run very smoothly - on Christmas day 1858 he says he had tea with Mrs. Proudfoot, Harriet etc.; Sophie at Grahamstown "after our scene in Nov/58". Then in December 1859 he was again in the dog box, after being away up country for a fortnight and failing to call on S as promptly as he should have done.

In that same year he saw Harriet quite a few times in D'Urban (his spelling) where she was staying with the Catos, who were apparently family friends. George Cato was Durban's first mayor, and was appointed in 1854.

On Christmas Eve 1860, he writes: "I returned from my seven weeks trip up the country in time to be best man to Miller and Harriet, who were married next day. Sophie and I and Sandy and Marion (he spells it Mariane and Marian), after we had despatched the happy couple to Uitenhage, went on board the "Pricilla" and came back to dinner and then went to a party at Mrs. Chas Taylor's, which they did not enjoy.

Soon after this, W.B. went to England, but he was not there long, as we find he spent the three months October, November and December 1861 in a sailing ship, the "Rubens" (on which Mrs. Klinck was also a passenger) returning to Port Elizabeth. But another passenger, a Miss Maria Cummings, was also aboard, and after grandfather married Sophie Dallamore (on April 26th 1862), he continued to be friendly with Miss Cummings, and he tried to help her to set up a business. This must have led to several rows with Sophie and Mrs. Dallamore, and he records that for quite a time he was "forbid the old lady's house"!

Bob Miller and Walter Bolus, now married to the Dallamore sisters Harriet and Sophie exchanged many letters in the years that followed, although only some of those from my grandfather were kept. The arrival of infants and their progress are mentioned and the tragedy they each suffered, when Harriet and Sophie both died, within months of each other. They were in their early thirties.

The other two girls, Marian and Martha Mary, seem to have spent most of their lives, after they married, in England. Marian's husband, Pattison deserted her at an early stage. They had two girls, Blanche and Marion. Blanche became Mrs. Lanxon and has a daughter, now Mrs. Spanton: Marion married Jack Scott.

Martha Mary married Klinck, and her daughter married Sidney Richards. They in turn had a daughter, who is now an elderly widow living in Johannesburg - Lady Matthews. There was also a brother, Fred.

Martha Mary had a second husband, Caleb Scott, a cousin of the Scott above. He must have died a very long time ago, and for nearly half a century she was known to all the family as "Aunty Scott". I met her at grandfather's lovely home in Wimbledon, and she and the old man, Nan and "Boli" are all in a photograph taken on that occasion. Both old people died the following year (1919), in their early eighties.

Old Mrs. Dallamore seems to have come to Johannesburg with her son

John Walter and his family, and there she also found some other grandchildren - Cato Miller, Charlie Bolus (my father) and Herbert Bolus - all then very young men. The old lady died soon after this, her two surviving grandchildren, Helen Webb and Gladys Lee think about 1890.

John Walter bought the property in Braamfontein, known for years as Dallamore House, where the brewery and the Teachers Training College now stand. They had a mineral water works there, and the home was the gathering place for the whole family. John Walter, who was born in 1847 and died in 1934, lived for years with his son, Laurence Westerford, and his daughters, Helen Webb (91) and Gladys Lee (82) are still alive and well.

Laurence Westerford (Denis' father) was killed in action at Ellis Park, in the 1922 rebellion. He was in the Imperial Light Horse - the I.L.H. Denis tells me the name Westerford is taken from a small place on the Liesbeek River, near Cape Town where his father was born.

On the previous page we mentioned that Bob Miller married Harriet Dallamore on Christmas Day 1860, in Port Elizabeth. They had two children, Cato (1861-1959) and May, who died young. You will note that Cato died just a few years ago, and that the old gentleman was 98! He married his cousin Kate Dallamore, and they had four children, Bob, Jack, Marjory and George. Bob and Jack were in the S.A. Heavy Artillery in France in the 1914-1918 war, and Jack lost his life. Bob was a celebrated school boy athlete, at King Edwards, and after the war he married a well known Johannesburg girl Marguerite Versveld. Bob died in 1928, plagued by war wounds. Marjory Miller, with whom we used to play when we were children, died in her "teens" in 1915 - just two years after my sister Bea.

The mention of the death of Westerford Dallamore in the 1922 Rebellion seems an appropriate point at which to record a small adventure which I had in the Rebellion - on several occasions it has been suggested that this should be written down!

Many able bodied young men at that time (I was 25), especially ex-soldiers from the recent war, who did not belong to volunteer regiments such as the I.L.H. and the R.L.I., offered their services and attested as special constables, and in that capacity I was sent by my commanding officer, the late Sir Llewellyn Andersson to report to the S.A. Police station commander at Craighall. His name was Montgomery (he was a sergeant) and he was well known to my family, as we always passed his station (now closed down - just last year) on our way to and from "the farm", and often stopped for a chat.

Montgomery's phone had been put out of order by the rebels, and I was sent out because I had a motor cycle, which was considered to be more useful than the police post commander's transport of those days - his horse.

I arrived about 6 p.m. and we had supper (Mrs. Montgomery and a child and a junior constable were there) and we were just preparing for bed, when there was a loud knocking on the door, and some fellows burst in and called upon us to surrender. We were surrounded (we afterwards learned) 30 or 40 armed rebels!

More drama followed swiftly, for as we were being led out of the station, the headlights of a car coming down the hill shone on the rebel gang, but the six special constables in the car (all with rifles) didn't have a hope - they drove right into it and were disarmed and also made prisoners in a matter of minutes. Not a shot was fired - it would have been useless. The six men had been sent out to defend the station as the authorities had heard it was to be attacked.

After this, we were blindfolded (very unpleasant as we thought they were preparing to put us against a wall) and put aboard a four wheeled wagonette drawn by horses, and we were taken to the school at Fairlands, where we became

"prisoners of war", with armed rebels patrolling round the school fences. We arrived at the "place of detention" in the early hours of the morning, and when daylight came, more than a hundred other captured loyalists, mostly policemen whose stations had been surrounded and made to surrender, were found to be "in the bag" with us.

We were kept under strict surveillance for two days (they used to escort us to a nearby shop to buy food), then there was a sudden slackening and the guards hinted they would look the other way if we walked out. I did so, and the two fellows who went with me are the only two of the six in that ambushed car whose names I can remember. One was a Professor Gurney, a young lecturer in English at the University (he died a few years after this) and the other became my old friend R.V. Dickson, whose wife Rene turned out to be a half sister of the wife of Alfred Bolus.

The Dicksons died long ago, but their children Joy (now Mrs. Langton) and Robert, an accountant, like his father, are in Johannesburg, and ofcourse often seen by Millicent and family and by Joyce Luman.

I forget to say that the day after we walked out, the Fairlands prison cage was relieved by Government Commando Forces from the Western Transvaal. The rebel leader (Potgieter, I think) of the Craighall gang was afterwards fined £10. He used Sergeant Montgomery's horse, but it and my bike were both safe and at the Police Station when we went back to collect them.

THE GILLHAM FAMILY

We have not very much we can put down about the Gillhams, but we do start a long way back with the parents of the twin sisters Anne and Elizabeth, who were born in 1802, and their brother Charles, born 1803, and these three were members of a very large family.

Anne married Joseph Bolus and Charles married Mary Kidder and they had eleven children and they were the greatgrandparents of Frances, Freddie and "Penny". The father of these three was a cousin, a contemporary, a great friend and in later years a business associate of my father's, and for many years we saw a great deal of the Gillhams. Later they went to live at Somerset West, and my father died, and after that we seem to have lost touch.

The other twin, Elizabeth, married a man named Billson, and one of their descendents, J. Morton Billson, lived in Johannesburg for many years and we often met him in my father's office.

To get down to the present day, Frances and her Mother, Gladys, and the three girls Shirley, Pamela and Antoinette live in Pietermaritzburg; "Penny" is a Mrs. Utley and lives in England and Fred (who is a PhD and now Dr. F.E.M. Gillham) is a geneticist in the Rhodesian Government Service.

We revert to the parents of the twins of 1802, John Gillham was born in 1765 and he died in 1858, aged 93 years. His wife Lucy, whose maiden name seems to have been lost, was married to him in 1788, and their first child was born in 1790.

One of their sons, Joseph, who died in 1879, left £91,000 (R182,000). History does not say how he made this vast fortune!

STEVENS - CROSBY - GOULDING - CAMPBELL FAMILIES

All the original South African members of these families came out to this country in the days of sailing ships, but no details of their journeys have come down to us.

STEVENS.

George Callcott Stevens was born in Kent and his wife Mary was from Northumberland, and they came to the Cape in 1848, and Callcott Maximillian (Aylen's father) was born here in 1850. He was for many years a magistrate, stationed at Cape Town, Montagu and Knysna, where he retired and was buried in 1923.

An elder brother, George Henry, was a "Rhodes" man and was instrumental in obtaining the concession for the Chartered Company from Lobengula.

Another brother, Cecil, was a Rhodesian Pioneer and was in the party which rescued the Jesuit Fathers from Chichawasha (near Salisbury) in the Matabele Rebellion, and he lost his life in doing so.

It is of interest to note that the daughter of Callcott Stevens (Aylen's sister) died in Bloubergstrand, in the original family house, now known as "Blue Peter".

On his mother's side, Aylen had an uncle J.H. Crosby, (1870-1956) who was a Rugby Springbok!

GOULDING AND CAMPBELL.

Little information is available. Reuben Goulding came from Devonshire, and his son Charles Freemantle, who was born in 1861 became a diamond expert and mining engineer, and in late life retired to his farm "Blackwood", near Viljoenskroon, in the O.F.S. where he died in 1946.

Donald Campbell came from Scotland and his wife Elizabeth Holton was from County Kildare, Ireland. She came to Port Elizabeth in a sailing vessel which took six months from the voyage, and she used to tell a story that when they arrived, her father was appointed gaoler to the town, and she had to cook the food for the prisoners!

THE BOLUS FAMILY

The earliest record is of a Dr. John Bolus (who was interested in blood circulation problems) and his wife Susannah (born Crisp) adopting three children - William, Joseph and Ruth. This must have been just after the year 1800, as we know Joseph was born in 1798.

Dr. Harry Bolus (1834-1911) who was Joseph's eldest son, says in a letter (1903), "my father was a relative, a cousin I think, of a well known London physician, Dr. Conquest, who seems to have had a good practice in the early part of last century; also of the Crisps of Suffolk, farmers. But we have all scattered."

In any case, the adoption seems to have separated them from their family and relatives. There are Bolus people in Canada and an Edward Bolus died in London in 1928. There is also the recent death of Father Edward Bolus in Umtali, Rhodesia; and a letter from a Mr. James Farrant (whose grandmother was a Bolus), was written to Norman, some three or four years ago, but relationship could not be traced. It is hoped to hear from Mr. Farrant again.

Going back to William, Joseph and Ruth, William was the eldest, and he married Anne Flint, and he died at Norwood, Adelaide, Australia in 1863. There were three sons, Frederick, Clement and Alfred, and the latter two went to Australia and no news about them is available. Frederick, who was a lithographer in London in 1846-49, and afterwards an Army schoolmaster, finally lived in Brighton and he had a son who was an auctioneer at Beckenham. Old William also had a daughter, Emily, who married a G.P.O. secretary named Geo. Hardy, and the children were Earnest, Oswald and Basil, and a daughter. All trace of these people has been lost.

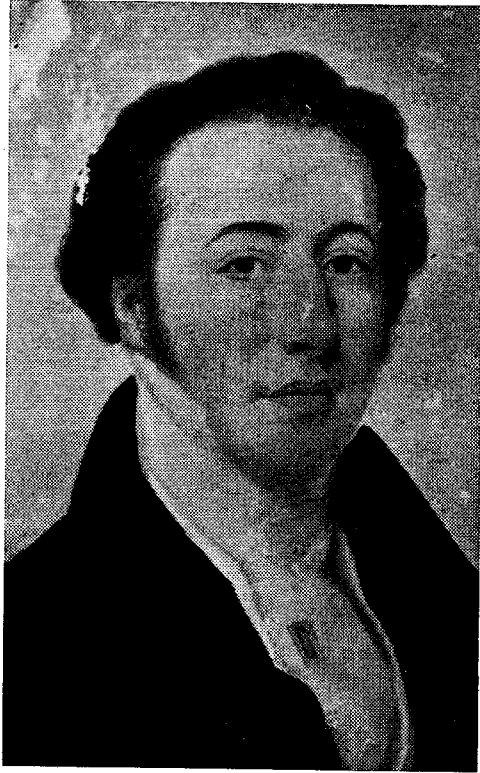
The sister Ruth married William's wife's brother, William Flint, and they had three sons, Charles, Frederick and Walter, and nothing more is known of them.

We now come to my great grandfather, Joseph (1798-1870), and the family tree records his many descendents. Joseph lived for many years at Nottingham, where his son Harry was born, and also, we think, Walter and Arthur and probably the others. Joseph was a hatter in his home town and also in Derby and Birmingham, and later he was a bank manager at Hinckley, in Leicestershire. His home at this latter place was called Thorney Cottage, and Nan Howland still uses a variation of the name for her home at West Byfleet, in Surrey.

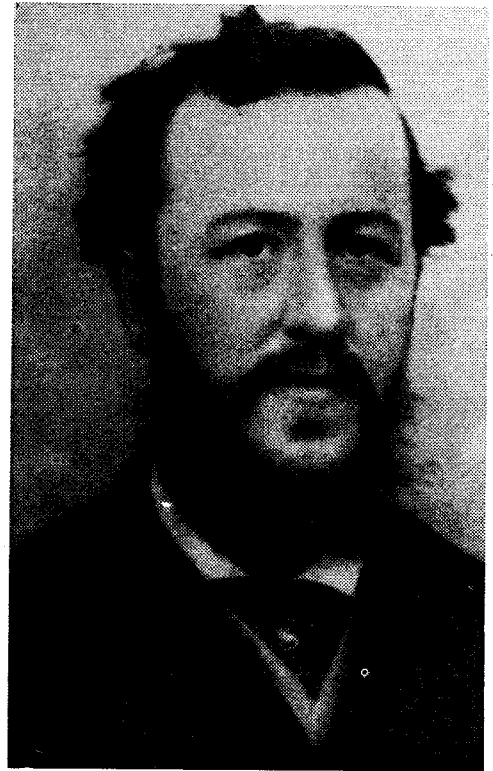
Of his offspring, Harry (1834-1911) achieved great renown as a botanist, and a very excellent and accurate account of his career appears in one of the chapters in Eric Rosenthal's book "Other Men's Millions". Harry and my grandfather Walter are the two who originally came to the Cape - Harry in 1849 and Walter in about 1854, while Arthur and Fanny remained in England, and Albert is thought to have been lost at sea. As I will have more to say about my grandfather and his descendents than about the others, I will mention them first.

Harry was always a celebrity to me, in the dim background, as I was only about 14 when he died, and do not remember ever seeing him, but I do remember the buzz of talk in the family about his will - he left his large fortune to Cape Town University! I used to go and see his son Hermie, and wife Lou, at Kenilworth in about 1920, and met Max once or twice. Max's son George was up in Pretoria playing Nuffield cricket just after the war, and he and his wife Lucia now live at Mossel Bay. Max had a sister "Dodo", who lost her life when the "Kenilworth Castle" was torpedoed on its way to England in 1917. She was a nursing sister, and her name can be seen in the vestry of the little Anglican Church at Voortrekkerhoogte - then Roberts Heights.

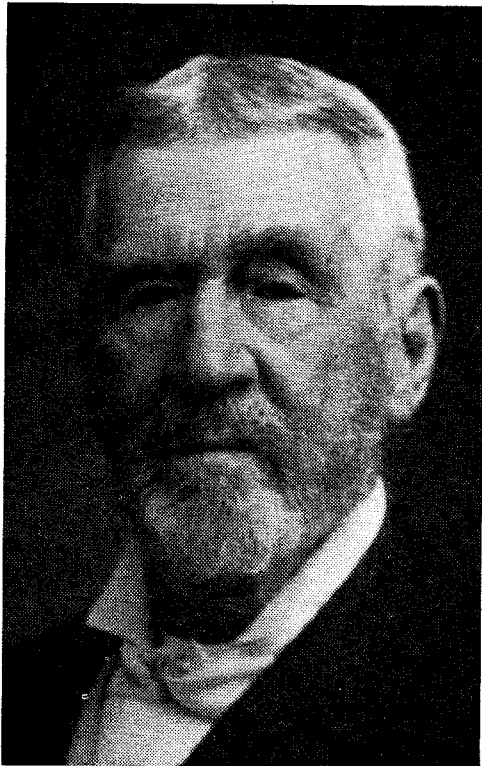
Arthur (1839-1921) who married Mary Painter, remained in England. He was a bank manager. They had a large family, and his eldest son Alfred came out to Cape Town in about 1890, to work in the stock broking business of



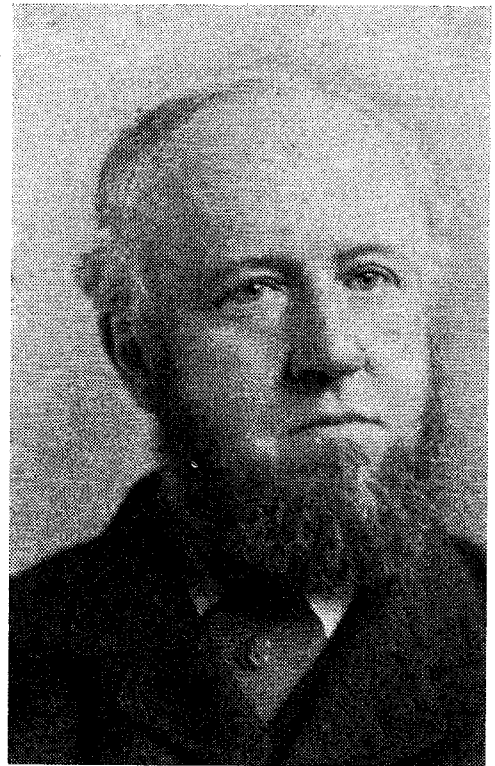
Joseph Bolus
1798 - 1870



Harry Bolus
1834 - 1911



Walter Bolus
1836 - 1919



Arthur Bolus
1839 - 1921

Bolus Bros. Alfred married Zima Palmer, and they were the parents of Cedric, Norman, Joyce and the twins Quentin and Osmund. Alfred eventually took over Bolus Bros., and was succeeded by Norman. I have never met any of Alfred's brothers and sisters, but remember that Gerald was wounded in World War 1. He was trained as a chemist and died a bachelor in 1966 - aged 86. Ursula (Mrs. Scott) lives in Canada, as do her children, Ronald and Gillian (Mrs. Thanson).

You will also see the names of Albert (1830-1854 or 55) Suzannah (1832-1833), and Fanny (1841-1930). Albert disappeared and could not be found to collect a legacy of about £1300, and he was presumed lost at sea. Aunt Fanny did not marry, and became the longest lived Bolus when she died in 1930, aged 88.

Grandfather Walter has a first entry in his diary on August 2nd 1855, when he was about 19, and he rode up from Port Elizabeth to Grahamstown with his brother Harry. They each bought a horse for the journey, and Harry went on to Cradock to see the Kensitts, they being the family to whom Harry had come out from England to join six years before. Harry married Sophia Kensitt two years after this, on December 2nd, 1857, in Grahamstown, presumably in the Anglican Cathedral.

Harry had come out from England in 1849 in the ship "Jane" - a six month's trip -, but there is no mention of Walter's original sea journey. He returned to England early in 1861, and then we have an interesting account from him of his return to Port Elizabeth, leaving England in the sailing vessel "Rubens", on October 1st. 1861. He gives a sketch of the accommodation and full details of the dozen passengers they carried. They arrived at P.E. at the end of December, but unfortunately his account, written in the form of a letter to his father, covers only the month of October - the story of the other two months has not come down to us.

A most interesting feature of his life in those early Port Elizabeth days was the amount of travelling he did. There were several trips to Grahamstown and Graaff Reinet (where his brother Harry was living), and in those days Port Elizabeth to Grahamstown took at least a day and a half on horseback, and Graaff Reinet, by cart, four days; even the Post Cart, which travelled day and night with relays of fresh horses, took nearly two days. It's hard now to realise the jolting and discomfort which was the common lot of travellers in those days, not to mention a few other irritants such as flies and fleas and bugs, on which he often comments.

In 1859 he did his trip to Natal in the S.S. (it means sailing steamer in this case) "Waldensian" and you can read about that in the copy of his diary included in these notes. His other trip, recorded in detail in the tiny diary, was inland with his brother Harry to the Orange Free State. It is not clear what took the pair of them on this seven weeks' jaunt, but the probable explanation is that it was to visit storekeepers who drew their stocks (practically everything was imported) from Port Elizabeth merchants. The brothers were associated in a business (probably a general dealer business), and this in turn must have been connected with the firm for whom Walter worked in Port Elizabeth - the name seems to have been Perkins, Ogilvie & Co.

In September 1862 he records the purchase of the cottage built by Jno. Wood for £640, and he grouses that the charges brought the price up to £700. For those days, this figure must have been for a place with business rights - flats were not yet invented. I can remember the first block in Johannesburg (or so the owners claimed) - it was called Park Gate Mansions, and was in King George Street - my father and mother lived there for some years, and the period was just after World War 1. Later, in March 1864, grandfather bought two cottages in Russel Road for £375 the pair. The point of interest about this is that although only 26, he must have had some funds.

Soon after getting back to Port Elizabeth in the Rubens, he married

Sophie Dallamore (April 14th 1862) and Gillham was born the following year. Interesting trivialities are mentioned in the diary and letters - the progress of Gillham, the staging of amateur concerts, church musical activities, cricket matches, rowing, glee singing and so on. It sounds as if Messrs. Thomas, Heap, Chambers, Day, Tudhope, Craven, Cary, Bidwell, Brightman and Bolus were happy to burst into song at any suitable opportunity, and once or twice they went round the town serenading their friends! He must have been very energetic and good at all these pursuits, and we know he had a good voice.

Ships were also a popular diversion - he comments on their arrival and departure - the slowly decreasing time of the voyage to and from England, the arrival of British Regiments, and the ever popular gathering of their boat crew, who at the slightest excuse would row out, often with their girl friends, to meet the ships.

Typical comments were:

23rd November 1863 - Tremendous gale from N.W. - the "Norman" was off the port the previous evening and was blown away south until Monday.

24th January 1864 - "Narcissus" H.M. Frigate, came in with Governor and Lady Wodehouse on board - girls went off to Narcissus in afternoon - first rate set of officers.

26th May 1864 - "Eastern Province" steamer, first of Diamond Line arrived last night from Falmouth - 32½ days. Went on board this afternoon - rather ugly, but fast. It is intended to cross the bar at Natal.

27th June 1865 - he reports "a telegram this morning to say "Eastern Province" wrecked yesterday off Raatel River, about 15 miles other side of l'Agulhas all passengers and mails safe".

Just about this time he mentions sending mail by the overland route from Port Elizabeth to Cape Town. The mail steamer (probably only two a month) took only 2½ days. Overland must have been much slower and a difficult journey. It would be interesting to know what actual route they took - did they enjoy the scenic wonders of the Tsitsikamma? They must, ofcourse, have taken what is called the Lang Kloof road.

Uitenhaig - His sister-in-law Harriet Miller lived in Uitenhaig (his spelling), and also a family friend, a Miss Colling, and "the family" - that would mean old Mrs. Dallamore (not so old then) and her other daughters Martha, Marian and the son John Walter, were frequently passing between Port Elizabeth and Uitenhaig. They went by Post Cart, borrowed trap and horses and on horseback and the men folk often walked and obviously thought nothing of it. This walk is frequently and casually mentioned, and the favourite procedure was to start at 3 a.m. and arrive at the other end for breakfast - a five hour jaunt and we know the distance is 20 miles.

On 5th September 1865, Sophie left for England in the "Roman", and Herbert was born at Hinckley the following year. My grandfather left a month or two later in the "Norseman", the voyage taking 35 days from Cape Town - "had a pleasant passage, lots of glees and a regular concert every night". They spent the summer in England and returned to Port Elizabeth in October 1866 .

He seems to have made up his mind to start in business in Cape Town at this time, as we find him going there from P.E. in the "Natalian" in April 1867, and they had to put in at Simons Bay "short of coals". He landed and went overland to Cape Town and took over the brokerage business of Janion ? Porter & Co. Three months later he says he agreed to join Hamer and remain with him at a salary of £500 p.a. He went to P.E. in August for the birth of his third son Harry. In November Sophie and the children came round to Cape Town in the "Norseman" and they "drove up to Capt. Ball's house at the top of the Gardens" and later moved to Hof Street.

The diary comes to an end at this stage, and so does the one hundred years ago period, so we will carry on with a few items gleaned from his letters, most of them to his brother-in-law Bob Miller - "my dear Miller"!

Two more children were born to them in these early Cape Town days - Bea at 3 a.m. on September 19th 1869 and my father, Charles Arthur on 31st. August 1870. Dr. Abercrombie brought both into the world, and they were both christened by Rev. Arch. Badnall, at St. Georges Cathedral.

Soon after this, his wife Sophie, died, and so did her sister Harriet Miller. Sophie is buried in the tiny churchyard of the Anglican Church at Rondebosch (the headstone is still legible) and she must have known she was going to die, as he has left a letter saying "Sophie always wished me to marry Martha". (Her sister). Martha was at this time a widow (Klinck), but she was engaged to Caleb Scott. Grandfather discussed the delicate subject with Martha (one gathers without great enthusiasm), but there were two obstacles - Caleb would not release her (she married him later) and there would have been serious legal difficulties.

He was left with five small children, and they were looked after by an elderly Miss Hewitt, and it was probably her niece, Gussie, whom he married in 1874.

From this time onwards we read of hard work, obvious prosperity, and several trips to England, many of these trips (wonderfully reasonable, he says) being to see his sons, who were at school there, and to take them journeying round England in their summer holidays.

In May 1874 he wrote to Bob Miller, who was in England at the time that - "he was doing very well in brokerage lately - in good years I can clear £1200 to £1400, but the work is very hard and sometimes unpalatable; still I like it and have made myself and my calling respected." That year he and a friend founded a Marine Assurance Company in Cape Town, called the Colonial and in this venture they met with great success. He was also made a director at this time of the Colonial Bank, and in December of this year, 1874, his brother Harry joined him in the brokerage business, and presumably the name Bolus Bros. was then adopted.

The following year he was in England, and in 1876 he became a director of the S.A. Mutual, and for the next few years he worked hard and prospered, and was again in England in 1879 and in 1882. His eldest son Gillham came out in 1880 (he was then 17 years of age) and joined the firm, and was followed soon after by Herbert, the latter to become articled to Attorneys Fairbridge and Ardern.

At this time grandfather was quietly making up his mind to go back to England for good - "going to leave the Colony and abandon the field to my brother Harry, Hermie (Harry's son, now in the business) and Gillham." In 1882 Harry replaced him on the board of the S.A. Mutual (and stayed there until his death in 1911), and in March 1884 Walter left for England in the "Hawarden Castle", and although he lived until 1919, he never returned.

Nan was born in 1887, followed by Winifred (Boly) and Philip, and by this time the first family was grown up - Gillham a stock broker in Cape Town, Harry just starting on his medical career in England, Herbert newly admitted as an attorney and in Johannesburg, and my father Charles, after two years of medical training (which he told me he couldn't tolerate) had come out to Natal to a farm owned by a family friend, a Major Richards, at Mooi River. He did not stay there long, but came to Johannesburg, by pony and trap, in 1890.

Grandfather's return to live in England was not prompted by any ideas of retiring - indeed he went back to London to establish himself as the buying and shipping agent of two Cape Merchants with whom he had been associated for many years. These were M.M. Steytler & Co. Ltd. of Port Elizabeth, and

J.G. Spilhaus & Co. Ltd., of Cape Town. In London he established what we all came to know as the family firm - W. Bolus & Co. Ltd. - and as the years went by, the firm got bigger and bigger, and it became the shipper, or London buying office for many well known South African concerns. He had other interests, however, and his abiding affection was for shares - most of the numerous letters he wrote to his brother Harry and to my father are full of share prices, and deals he had put through or about which he wanted South African information. He expressed great concern in one letter about the financial crash which shook this country in 1890, when the renowned and long established Cape of Good Hope Bank stopped payment - he said it would ruin him! It appears that he survived.

He and his wife Gussie were concert "fans" and were often quite critical of the voices of well known singers of those days. Another activity, recorded in a later diary of these English days, was the visits, in the summer months, which they made to cathedrals, and the critical comments which were made about the singing, the organ etc.

When I was in England during the war, I met them both two or three times (grandmother died in 1917), but the visit I best remember was made just before I came home, and just before the old man died in 1919. I took pictures of them - grandfather, Auntie Scott (the one he was unable to marry in 1873) Nan and "Boly". This seems a good stage to mention other "family" whom one met in those far off days. On my arrival in England at the end of 1915, it had been arranged by my father that I would stay with Uncle Harry and his wife Auntie "Tot" and their family at Beckenham, where Uncle Harry was in practice, and incidentally where I had been born 18 years before this. They put me up until I joined my Regiment's Training Depot, at the Curragh, near Dublin. Avis was already married, Cynthia was finished with school, but I've forgotten what she did all day - probably war work. Guy, whom they called Sam, was about 13, and about to enter the Naval College, Osborne. I think he got into submarines just a very short time before the war ended, and he remained in the Navy, and lost his life when commander of the ill-fated submarine "Thetis" in 1939.

I often met Lester (Gillham's son) and well remember a period when he enjoyed hospital leave after he had been wounded in the neck. For many years, I think before and after that war, Lester and his Mother - Aunt Maud - used to come out to this country and visit my parents in Johannesburg. The family "card" - the gay and witty character of those war days was Philip. He was the half brother of Lester's father and mine and was the same age as Lester and only a few years my senior. I had known him at home in Johannesburg, and met him once in France when our paths happened to cross. Soon after that he was badly wounded and lost a leg at Beaumont Hamel, on the Somme. He made a good recovery and must have been a real problem to the doctors and hospital authorities, as the gay life he led as a convalescent junior officer was not exactly the best treatment for a sensitive stump.

After the war I joined Philip on his farm at Tsungwesi, near Umtali and remained there for about eighteen months. We had a certain amount of ranching stock, and we cleared ground and grew mealies, but the price in those days - I think it was 5/6 a bag in Salisbury was hopeless, and I left and joined an associate of my father's in Durban. Philip stayed on a few years, I think, and then returned to England. He died just before the 1939-45 war, and is survived by his widow Violet and children Miles and Susan. A little point about his second name - he was christened Philip Henchman, and Nan says there was a Bishop of London of that name in the dim past, who was an ancestor of Philip's (and, of course, Nan's) mother.

Herbert had three children - Warren, the same age as Lester and "Uncle" Philip, Ruth and Shirley. Warren was killed at the Latima Hill action (East Africa) in 1915. His name can be seen on the War Memorial in the Park in the middle of Umtali. Before joining up, he had been managing his father's farm "Sophiendale", in the Inyanga district. Ruth died in 1948 and is survived by a daughter, Jill Hoffman; Shirley, whom we often saw as children and to a lesser extent in after years, married Basil Napier. She died in 1949. Keith

is her son.

My father Charles, who married Julia Logan at the Church of the Immaculate Conception at East London 1895, and thus connected us with the Gately's and Davis's, had a colourful life, but it was marred by tragic suffering (from Miners' Phthisis) in his last few years. He came to Johannesburg in 1890 and seems to have had remunerative billets on the mines. In the three years after his marriage, he contracted phthisis, which, however, did not worry him for nearly 30 years. They took a holiday trip to England, where I was born in 1897, and two years after their return to Johannesburg, the South African War broke out, and we were packed off to Muizenburg, where Phyllis was born. My father had a hazardous job in these war years, working for the Graaff Bros., at the Imperial Cold Storage concern, I think scouring the country for beef animals, and his father's letters expressed great concern for his safety. After the war, he was manager of the Rand Cold Storage for about three years and then went into business as a manufacturers' agent in Johannesburg, but he had bought the small farm "Hinckley" (still there, undeveloped, but surrounded by Bryanston), and this was the beginning of a heavy financial strain, which was to dog him for the rest of his life. Thousands of pounds were spent on the place over the years, and the returns were negligible.

In 1908 he packed his family off to the Gatelys at East London, and he went to Rhodesia, prospecting for gold. After three tough years, during which he suffered from malaria and black water fever, he met with success and returned to Johannesburg, and he and two colleagues each cleared £10,000 as their share in a deal involving the Shamva Mine, not very far from Salisbury.

We all came back from the kind Gatelys and I was put to King Edwards as a boarder, and Bea and Phyllis to Parktown Convent. Later in the year Bea died (this was in 1912) from troubles following rheumatic fever, and soon after this Phyllis was sent to the Collegiate School in Port Elizabeth.

My father was now established as the Johannesburg (in fact S. African) agent for W. Bolus & Co. Ltd., and the shipping business was his vocation from now on. It should be mentioned that he became a local director of a London concern called African City Properties Ltd., with which my grandfather was associated in England. This company was wealthy and owned several large buildings in Johannesburg, including Castle Mansions, Walter Mansions (called after grandfather), Davidson Mansions and Marlborough House - all these in Eloff St., and there were others such as St. Mary's Buildings, and Stanley House, and they also developed a quite small township called Fellside, in the Orange Grove area. The streets in this tiny suburb bear the names of African City Properties directors of those days, and there is a Walter Street, again called after grandfather. Years afterwards African City Properties sold out to local interests.

I should perhaps mention what happened to W. Bolus & Co. Ltd. The firm enjoyed a long, prosperous existence, and did a very large turnover, shipping nearly £2,000,000 worth of goods to South Africa each year in the boom period just after World War 1. But in 1920 there was a very bad slump, and this, coupled with the fact that grandfather had died (his successors were said to have mismanaged affairs) proved too much and they went into liquidation in 1921.

And the sad story of the demise of W. Bolus & Company Limited brings our "Family Jottings" to a close. Perhaps in the future the "bits and pieces" I have set down will cause a tiny ripple of interest to at least some of the many descendents involved.

DIARY OF WALTER BOLUS (1836-1919)TRIP TO NATAL1859

Left Algoa Bay in the S.S. Waldensian at one o'clock in the afternoon on the 21st Sept. '59. Fine weather and northerly wind - passed the Bird Islands about dusk. I had been there before in the "Arabian" about a year ago and stayed a day. These islands are not more than two miles long and one broad, lots of penguins and rabbits, lighthouse of wood with two fixed lights, one above the other. Next morning 22nd. we were off the Keiskama River, keeping close in shore - got to East London about 11 o'clock that day and anchored for about two hours. After taking on board Mr. and Mrs. Glauville and family, Jas Coutts came on board, and I sent a note by him on shore to Sophie. The only vessel lying outside was the "Bolivia", Capt. Gates, who used to have the "Despatch". Proceeded on the voyage about $\frac{1}{2}$ past twelve. You don't see much of the town of East London from the roads, being a bar harbour - only the port office and flag staff. It is on the River Buffalo and the principal and in fact the only port of British Kaffraria. After leaving East London, winds light all ways, began to make acquaintance with some of our passengers, of whom we had about 45 on board, principally from Cape Town and England. I felt rather squeamish and did not take meals in the saloon to-day, but on deck. Found a young governess on board, a Miss Burns, just come from England in the "Norman" with a Mrs. Evans and family. A very nice young lady - had several chats with her. Mrs. Evans was a brute and bullied her.

Sept. 23rd.

Turned in last night about ten o'clock, had a good sleep so felt considerably jolly to-day and seemed to enjoy sea life more than I ever did before. Nice breeze from W.N.W., set foresail and went along capitally steering close in along the shore to avoid the current, and certainly not more than a mile from the beach and perhaps sometimes less, so we had an excellent view of the country generally along the coast and passed St. Johns River about daylight. Only saw two flagstuffs and a small house at the mouth of the river. They say the bar sometimes has 16 feet of water on it. The "Wm. Shaw" goes in there for cattle and hides. Butterworth is a missionary station a few miles up the river.

About 11 o'clock on Friday 23rd. I was awake by the steamer stopping, backing and letting go anchor. Got up next morning at daylight and found we were snugly anchored off Natal Bluff, about two miles from the shore. The Bluff is a fine, high hill covered with bush, which runs out and forms a large wall, as it were, to the entrance to the inner harbour. We could see the flagstaff at D'Urban - it was a cold and rainy morning.

We signalized with the man at the Bluff to know what water there was in the bar. The answer was about 8 feet the day before - they had not been able to sound since. The Pilot came off in the Port boat about 1 o'clock in the afternoon and he thought there would not be enough water for the steamer to go in for a day or two. Capt. Joss went ashore in the Port boat, though ofcourse they wouldn't take any passengers, so we grumbled away the evening as contentedly as we could!

Next morning (Sunday) two large surf boats came off which took us all ashore by about 12 o'clock - we in the first boat went round by the north channel (the place where the "Waldensian" lost her rudder) and the other boat came directly over the bar. On entering the inner harbour the scene is really magnificent - a fine beach on one side, a sloping hill covered with bush and trees and the water so calm and still - about 5 or 6 vessels anchored close to the little jetty - lots of people came out to see us land. Stead, McHee ? and I walked up to D'Urban through an exceedingly pretty 'tho' sandy lane - in fact right through a sort of wild bush, about two miles. Got up to Woods' Masonic

Hotel (the best by far in the place) just in time for dinner. Walked about the town a little in the afternoon, and went to the Wesleyan Chapel in the evening, to see if I could see Harriet anywhere. Thought I distinguished Fanny Cato in chapel, but was not sure so I followed them and was wandering about in the dark, when Geo. Cato accosted me and then I went home with them and found Harriet, who was very glad indeed to see me. Next morning saw Mr. Gillespie and looked round the town, dining at Catos.

Started next morning (Tuesday) to Pieter Maritzburg, about 60 miles distant, having hired a horse. Two of Mr. Cato's people happening to go as far as their farm - half way - I rode with them; about 12 o'clock we came up with a gentleman named Tatham, who was also going to Pieter Maritzburg, so I went on with him and we got to Wrights at Camperdown a little after sunset. This is about 15 miles from P.M. Burg. He gave us a capital dinner of buck, which I enjoyed, and turned in about 10. Started next morning with Mr. Tatham and found my horse had unfortunately got a nasty lump on his back, thro' chafing. Rode on through a pretty country and arrived at P.M. Burg about 10 o'clock and breakfasted at Pitcher's Hotel. Didn't know anyone here, so walked about a bit and looked at the place - very hot and the streets sandy, 'tho' the town is certainly very pretty, filled with trees and gardens and hedges outside covered with wild roses. Walked up to the barracks and heard the band of the 85th. practising. Went to service to the Cathedral in the evening - a nice organ, but no good singing. From here went on to the Baptist Chapel and then home. It happened to be the Circuit time, so the town was pretty full.

My horse's back very sore - didn't know what to do but made acquaintance with some men living in Pine Town who were come as witness and had a little wagon with four oxen and arranged to go with them. We started on Thursday evening and got as far as Camperdown (Wright's) that night about nine o'clock, I leading my horse behind the wagon, his back being in an awful state. Next morning it drizzled and looked like set-in rain and we could not start before ten o'clock, and the rain came down so heavily and we had to go very slowly, the ground being very slippery and the oxen tired; however, we managed to get to Cloughs (about 15 miles from Wrights) about 5 o'clock - hungry, wet and tired. We outspanned and went in and got a nice fire and found two other gentlemen there, but didn't get dinner till 9 o'clock and had to sleep on the sofa. The dinner was certainly a good one. Still pouring with rain. Next morning the rain held up, 'tho' the roads were so bad and slippery we couldn't start till 8 o'clock and then travelled but slowly. We got into Pine Town about 1 o'clock - a distance of 14 miles from Cloughs and 12 from D'Urban. I had left my horse at Wrights, to be sent home when well. Had lunch in Pine Town, paid 5/- for my ride, and leaving the saddle at the hotel, started to walk into D'Urban where I arrived after a pleasant walk through an exceedingly pretty country just in time for dinner, and rather tired but glad to get back before Sunday. Spent the Saturday morning with Harriet at the Catos and ofcourse they all laughed at my adventures. Went to the English church with H on Sunday morning and to visit a lady named Mrs. Katz ? in the afternoon and spent the evening there meeting a Mr. and Miss Beningfield and a Mr. - Monday it rained so we couldn't go out, so I started off at 12 o'clock to Claremont in a South West direction along the coast. It is Thompson's place and an exceedingly pretty spot and has quantities of the coffee plant growing about 5 feet high and less and a dark, almost blue colour with shining leaves. Mr. Thompson was not at home so I just looked over the place by myself, and such a nice garden too, and had a very pleasant ride back through a beautiful country, 'tho' the roads are rather wet - got home to dinner in the evening - the distance is about 8 miles.

I borrowed Capt. Joss' horse next day after breakfast and started with Harriet to go to Mrs. Kennedy's sugar plantation, and from there to see Mrs. Whittaker. Mr. Cato rode with us as far as the Umgeni River which we had to cross - examined some sugar mills on this side of it too and saw the whole operation of boiling the cane and everything, also the machines for bruising the arrowroot. It is exceedingly pretty riding thro' the bush and trees as you leave D'Urban up what they call the Berea. We had dinner with Mrs. Whittaker (Mr. W. being from home). This is about 7 miles from D'Urban.

Mrs. Whittaker is an old friend of Harriet's, and was a Miss Kocuap ? of Uitenhaig. We rode homewards by a different route, and came through a very pretty country to the house of Mr. Griffin - I think a brother of the Bay Griffins. She was a Miss Lucas of Cradock and very nice people they were, and gave us a pine-apple or two, 'tho' unfortunately all the fruit is out of season just now. Arrived home after a most pleasant and cosy ride, and shall remember it for a long time to come, I daresay. Harriet was so glad to see someone she knew in Natal and ofcourse we talked about old times, and got home about 7 o'clock.

On Wednesday we expected to embark, but it was not decided, so kept hanging about doing nothing particular all morning. In the afternoon went down to the Crowders with Harriet, where we joined a riding party to the Botanical Gardens and walked about there all the afternoon. They are very pretty and nicely kept indeed - quite a credit to D'Urban; came back to Crowders to tea and spent the evening there, going home with Harriet, whom they insisted should ride on horseback, I walking by her side.
(A page or two of the diary now missing)

We espied a boat coming off from the Island - we stopped and it turned out to be old Newton, the light house keeper, who wanted a passage to Port Elizabeth, so we took him up on board, wind coming up S.E.

We anchored in Algoa Bay about 1 o'clock, the S.E. so strong that we brought up a good way outside the shipping. Capt. Joss went in the Port boat and I with Tom Taft ? Neither Anderson nor Tilney would venture as the surf was running very high and it was all we could do to get on shore without a capsized. They were all very glad to see me back - found there had been four vessels driven on shore since I left, but the Sunday after I arrived we had a S.E. and 6 vessels came on shore. It was Monday 10th October 1859 when we arrived and I was very much pleased with my trip. It didn't cost me above £9, having a free passage on the "Waldensian".

CHRISTMAS DAY 1858

Went on board the "Gemsbok" with Harriet and Mrs. Klinck in the morning, and then to Catholic Church. Had tea in the valley in the afternoon with Mrs. Proudfoot, Harriet etc. Sophie at Grahamstown after our scene in Nov./58.

NEW YEAR'S DAY 1859

Sang glees all preceeding night - in fact until 5 in the morning - all jolly and then walked out with J. Tudhope, to a pic-nic at the Ridge - Harsants, Geards, Mackenzies etc. carried on a few flirtations.

CHRISTMAS DAY 1859

Pic-nic at Booths (or Booths's) Bush with Mackenzies, Geards, etc. had a good time.

NEW YEAR'S DAY 1860

Fell on Sunday. Walked in the afternoon with Sophie and Harriet on the Hill and wondered much what we would be doing this time next year. New Years Day kept on the Monday, went out to Chelsea in Geard's wagon and four horses - caught up the ox wagon at the Ridge - the old party, Mackenzies, of course, good fun coming home at night in the wagon. Twas a shame to leave Sophie at home both these days - I can't think how I could be so unkind. Went there after I came back from Chelsea - Sophie kind enough to make me some tea too.

CHRISTMAS DAY 1860

I returned from my seven week's trip up the country just on Xmas Eve, in time to be best man to Miller and Harriet, who were married next day.

Sophie and I and Sandy and Marion, after we had despatched the happy couple to Uitenhaig, Smith, Sandy, Peter Watson and I took Marion and Sophie on Board the "Pricilla" and came back to dinner. We went to a party at Mrs. Chas Taylor's in the evening, but didn't enjoy ourselves, so came back at 12 o'clock.

NEW YEAR'S DAY 1861.

We all spent in Uitenhaig with Harriet and Miller - enjoyed ourselves much - Smith and Sandy and all of us. Sophie stayed a week there.

PORT ELIZABETH TO GRAAFF REINET

NOVEMBER 1860

Port Elizabeth to Uitenhaig	3 hours.
Uitenhaig to Breintjes Kraal	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.
Breintjes Kraal to Bleu Krantz (Greens)	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.
Bleu Krantz to Allison's Fakus ken	2 hours.
Allison's to Daniel's Kinkel Bush	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.
Daniel's to Watsons Wolverfontein	3 hours.
Wolverfontein to Baroo Kraal (Careys)	3 hours.
Carey's to Spence's	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.
Spence's to Foxcroft's	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.
Foxcroft to Marais (farmer)	3 hours.
Marais to Slabberts	2 hours.
Slabbert's to Graaff Reinet	3 hours.

Started from Port Elizabeth with Nathan in Paviour's cart on Wednesday 7th. Nov. at 8 a.m. and stayed 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ at Forrests, Uitenhaig; went on to Forbes at Breintjes Kraal where we lunched and started again about 3 o'clock through a flat country until we came to Greens at Bleu Krantz where we stayed for about half an hour and had a cup of coffee, and tho' the sun was nearly setting we preferred going on for about two hours further as this didn't look at all a comfortable place to stay at; he (Green) is a fat old chap and can't move but with crutches - his stomach is awful.

So on we went through rather a heavy but picturesque road till we came to Allison's at Fakus Ken (Pigs Hole) as it is called about 8 o'clock tired and hungry, and we got a very comfortable supper and a decent bed. Allison is a wagon maker and smith. This was the first time I had been to Graaff Reinet by this route, having been hitherto by the post cart via Somerset. Started in the morning early and passed Mandiner's kraal, Vermaak's place in about an hour, and came to Daniel's Kinkel Bush in about another 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, where we outspanned and had breakfast; not a very nice place, and we were nearly eaten up by flies. Started again about 10.30 and got to Watson's Wolverfontein about 12.45, where we outspanned for two hours and laid down. Then left and had an extremely hot ride to Carey's about 6, quantities of flies would persist in remaining in the cart and bothering us dreadfully. I read Vanity Fair to amuse myself. This is Christopher Carey (brother of Joc) keeps an account house. Gave us a decent bed with a few fleas - got nice buck and plenty of milk for supper and some music on the harmonium - a very nice little daughter - didn't see the wife at all.

Started next morning about 10.30 outspanned in about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours in the veldt - had a smoke and then on to Spence's at Klip Place, about 10 o'clock - not bad for two horses on a smoking hot day and heavy tented cart. Here we found four fresh horses which Paviour had sent on to meet us, so had a decent breakfast (barring the flies and tea), and started again about 12, arriving at Foxcroft's about 2.30 - a hot ride and not very interesting country either. They call this an hotel, but no one seemed to be at home and we could get nothing; went on again till sunset, there being no hotel till Slabbert's two hours further on. We didn't know what to do but finally resolved to go to Marais, a good farm house about a quarter of a mile off the road to the right on the Vool River.

Nathan knew him pretty well and he gave us some capital buck and lots of milk, a very soft feather bed and heaps of flies. We got up very early next morning and proceeded on our way. This Marais seems a most intelligent and respectable Dutchman, and very hospitable. Says his farm is 7,700 morgan.

Passed Slabbert's Hoogh Kraal and outspanned in the veldt by the Sundays River a little before 8 o'clock, and some two hours from Graaff Reinet. About 1 hour from Foxcroft's is Rensburg's farm, but they are not very hospitable to strangers. About half an hour beyond Carey's is the celebrated P e l e Fontein - Conradie's - the greatest brute imaginable. Rensburgs lies on your left and Conradies on your right. Got into Graaff Reinet after a hot ride about 12 o'clock - found Mundt at the store and Harry came down soon after from the square. He was just going out to the farm to dinner, so saddled up a nag and rode with him. Found Sophy, Alfred and Alfred No. 2 all right and the farm looking well. Walked over it after dinner and had a swim in the dam that evening and a ride early next morning, also riding in to the square for service.

On Monday morning went hard to work at the books and didn't stop all the week until Saturday, when I went out to the farm again discussing who should go up the country as someone must go up to the Orange Free State. At last decided that H. and I should go together, having written to ? & Co., and got their permission. Was in Graaff Reinet nearly a fortnight, had some nice rides with Alf Essex and Ernst Mundt, then the bother was to get horses, cart and boy to go with us, and had to give a boy 2/6 a day and find him. See account of our journey a little further on.

Went up to Grahamstown with Harry on 2nd August 1855 - each bot ? a horse and rode up in a day and a half. Stayed a day or two with Jas Roberts and his mother, then rode on past the Fish River and up the Rant to ? Roberts Farm at Baviaan's River, about 85 miles from Grahamstown, where I stayed while H. went on to Cradock to see Sophy Kensitt. He came back in three days, called for me and we returned to G.T. together; waited a day or two, then I started at 9 o'clock on Saturday morning by myself and got into P.E. about 5 o'clock on Sunday evg., much pleased with my trip.

FIRST TRIP TO GRAAFF REINET.

JULY 1857

Herman Mundt being down in Port Elizabeth with his uncle Oelrich, who was going to Cape Town, and H.M. returning to G.R. with a cart and 3 horses, he persuaded me to make the trip with him which I decided to do, having long wished to go and see Harry and the town of Graaff Reinet; so we started somewhere about the end of July 1857 about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, stopping at Amster - dam Flats that night (going round by Grahamstown ?) and Nazaar next night; new road just been opened, which I thought extremely pretty. Got into G.T. about 10 o'clock on Saturday morning and put up at George's Hotel - walked about in the afternoon and next day visited Chas. Essex, and in the evening the Tudhopes. Started for Bedford very early on Monday morning through Hell Poort over the Fish River and up the Rant, seeing Bedford under the Winterberg Mountains for a long time, but not arriving there until after dark; wretched Hotel, but pretty little town. Called on Hatton and Paver, and dined with B. Solomon next day. Left on Weds. about noon through a pretty road, stopping a short time at Hollidays, Fish River, half way and arriving in Somerset late in the evening. Breakfasted with Cooper, Taylor and several in bachelors quarters and started at noon on Thursday for Graaff Reinet. Got over Breintjes ? Hoogte and as far as a small sheep farmers on the road, being no hotel between S. and G.R.,

and off again early next morning, getting into Graaff Reinet at dusk on Friday, all most surprised to see me, whom they didn't expect. Mrs. Rabone very ill - Essex and all other friends very kind, all engaged in printing railway ? map. Thought G.R. very dull after Port Elizabeth, but liked friends very much. Started on the (noon) Wednesday week after in the Post Cart via Somerset and after sundry knocks up, broken splashboard and one upset, arrived in P.E. safely at 1 o'clock on Friday morning, having had two nights in the post cart and rather tired, but much pleased with my trip. Passed the Zuurberg by night, unfortunately.

JULY 1858

I think it was in July /58 that I went over to the "Bird Islands" in the "Arabian" with L. Duthie and L. Holland. Started on Saturday night at 12 and got to the island on Sunday afternoon. Went ashore and slept at Newton's in the lighthouse - rambled over the island - saw heaps of penguins and gannets. Sailed again on Monday evening and arrived in P.E. on Tuesday morning at 9, just escaping a heavy N.W. gale which came on immediately after.

DECEMBER 1857

On Sunday aft. 1st. Dec/57 went up to Grahamstown by Post Cart to see Harry married - got there all safe on Monday evg. Stayed at the Cathcart wedding on Tuesday - left the same aft. with the couple in cart and four and stayed at Massey's for the night; got into P.E. on Thursday at noon. Mr. and Mrs. H.B. got private rooms at Ormonds, and started for Graaff Reinet soon after.

DECEMBER 1859

On Friday 2nd Dec/59 went to Graaff Reinet, by Post Cart to Somerset, where Harry was waiting for me with a cart and two horses, and old Mr. Essex. On the Saturday afternoon we borrowed Jas Leonard's horses and drove out to Glendower, where we saw R. Hart Junr., who very kindly showed us all over. Left Somerset about eleven on Sunday morning, very hot; had tea at Sergeants and some music; went on to.....by moonlight, quite a new village, just established - got a bed on the floor at a Mr. Dunkley's - started next morning and arrived in G.R. at sunset. Stayed until Weds. week - enjoyed myself, lots of fruit - and went back in the Post Cart, getting in at 1 on Friday, then staying at Richardson's having been just a fortnight away. Didn't go to see S until the afternoon - at which I got into an awful row.

FEBRUARY 1858

Harry being ill, was obliged to go up to Graaff Reinet to manage our business while he drove down to P.E. I stayed there for a month, going both ways in Post Cart. Went out to Goliad's Kraal and Bloemhof with Alf Essex, but didn't much like the place - felt so lonely - got back about 9 on Thursday night, staying at Mrs. Fairbridges' then - S and all very glad to see me; Polly happened to be there when I went in and we had much fun.

CHRISTMAS DAY 1855

I.R. Holland, Dunn, H.W. Duthie and I started on the Saturday evg. by moonlight for Gamtoos River on horseback; we got to Whitclip - 25 miles about 12 that night, knocked the fellow at the inn up - got supper and turned in. Next morning went up the mountain and then on through van Staden's River to the pont at Gamtoos and there we slept, and a very pretty ride it is; bathed in the River, enjoyed ourselves extremely. Duthie rather sore. Got back late on Tuesday night, well pleased with the trip.

NEW YEARS DAY 1857

Pic-nic at Chelsea - Hallacks, Geards to be coming should be good fun. Jas Tudhope and I rode out with Holland.

GOOD FRIDAY 1857

Fishing with Heal & Tim Dennison.

CHRISTMAS DAY 1857

Heal, Tudhope, Robertshaw, I and someone else went on board the "Zuincy" and "Gemsbok"; had some capital fun, came on shore in the afternoon, and went out into the valley, where there was a small pic-nic. Mrs. Dallamore, Sophie and Harriet, Mrs. Linck and Sempy Randall. I knew very little of the D's then, having only spoken to them in the shop. Played lots of games, had tea and walked home - I immediately chose S to walk with - can't tell why - became quite cosy on the way home; played bagatelle after got home (staying at Fairbridges at this time). They asked me to spend an evening there, at which I rather fought shy - but then, no doubt, S and I commenced.

NEW YEARS DAY 1858

On New Year's eve invited to a large party at Gordon's, a lot of men drinking etc. - but managed to slope away at 10 because I had an invitation to a party at Mrs. Proudfoots, where I knew the D's were going. Here I danced for the first time - we stayed up until nearly daylight in the morning and then had coffee and went for a walk to the breakwater. Saw the "Waldesian" coming in on her first visit - went off - kissed S for the first time that night in the dark. Had a nap and I think tea at D's or in the valley. I think Furnival and Cap Ellis were with us to-day.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY 1857

Tudhope, self and several more got a boat; party on board "Zichungar" - Harriet Chick and a lot more. Was introduced to Harriet Dallamore.

MEMO OF A TRIP UP COUNTRYNOVEMBER 1860

Started with my brother Harry from Graaff Reinet on Thurs. morning 22nd. Nov., in an open cart and three horses, rainy and horses restive; a black horse called Sweep from the farm in front, and after getting a mile or two out, he having been kicking and showing no go symptoms, turned round sharp, kicked, bucked into the other horses and broke the disselboom. Raining like fun; we went back, had a new disselboom put in, got a fresh horse for £15, Pompey, who, by the bye, turned out very well; we started again about half past 5 in the afternoon - outspanned at Vos' about dark at the foot of Oudberg; started again a little after 8, moonlight up Oudberg. Sweep and Pompey go very well in front, only Sweep lets fly right and left with his heels if anybody touches him. A very fair road up the mountain, only rather steep - got to Tais ? Martins, an accommodation house, at 10 o'clock, say $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 hours from G.R.

where we slept. Found Judge Watermeyer here, just come from Circuit at Graaff Reinet.

Went on next morning over Oudberg, raining and very cold, got to van Heerden's, a farmer, where Mrs. Smith was teacher, and stayed there a little while - no forage, so gave them wheat - went on again in pouring rain, and very heavy road over the mountain. As we were descending, the rain ceased a little - still dreadfully cold. Got to F. Maritz's farm about 12.30 - a very pretty place and a first rate fellow, gave us dinner and got our horses forage. His place is nearly at the bottom of the Sneeberg, which chain extends for a long way and is generally very cold. It was like winter. Maritz is about $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours from G.R.

We started again about 3 - the rain seeming to hold up - we outspanned once at a pretty place, having passed some splendid farms on the road with tall poplars and other trees, especially one Burgher at Groetpad, also old Barend Burger's, the founder of the town of Murraysburg. We got into the town about 6 o'clock, putting up at Mrs. Wittert's, who was a Miss Bigg of Graaff Reinet, and spent the evening with a fire, being very cold, going to bed early. Two men named Charlwood, very good fellows, live here, one a painter and the other a librarian and market master - quite a character. He used to be in Pickford's service at home. Next morning, Saturday, it rained, and we went to see the two houses we had bought there, and gave orders for finishing one. Visited the library, which is very creditable for so small a place - only about 70 houses, and only 4 years established; there are several good stores, Herman Mosenthal & Co., Meiring, Naude, York and Willet; we spent Sat. evening with Herman Mosenthal and wife - she was daughter of Dr. Stinan of Burghersdorp - he is a beautiful piano player and we had some capital music.

Dr. Muskett was also there and he took us for a walk that afternoon to the Bushman's cave, by a road which he (Dr. M.) had made himself with considerable trouble - winding round a steep hill for nearly a mile. There were some interesting figures of animals which the Bushman had painted in the walls of the cave, some long time ago; we had a good view of the town from this point. Went home with Dr. Muskett, who is district surgeon here, and a very superior young fellow.

We left Murraysburg for Richmond on Sunday evg. at about 9 - about $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours they reckon it - got rain on the road, outspanning on the veldt and reading a chapter and prayer. We arrived at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon at the farm of Philip van der Merwe - a very pretty place about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours from Richmond - where we outspanned and took coffee, while the rain and hail came down in torrents. Started on again about 6 - rain leaving off a little and had to ride over a flat where the road was like a river thro' mud and water. Sun setting beautifully - country required the rain much and it will do immense good. Sweep kicked up a little after dark, so we had to outspan leaving the boy with Nelson to lead Sweep, we going on with two horses and arriving in RICHMOND about 9.15 - put up at Humphries Hotel, a wretched hole where we saw the acting magistrate T.G. Rawstone.

Next morning gave Sweep and £8 for a large chestnut horse, which does very well and I think a capital bargain. Richmond is much older than Murraysburg and larger, 'tho' not nearly so pretty and so well kept. There are 5 or 6 stores and a Dutch church, small library etc. - not many water erven.

Left about 1 o'clock for HANOVER, some 6 hours and outspanning at Scanfontein ? Niekerk's farm - coffee and forage and on again, stopping again at sunset at a dam where the Graaff Reinet and Middelburg road crosses to Cape Town - on again by moonlight and into Hanover by 10 o'clock. Slept in Batty's room and took meals at Mrs. Pechis ? where Mrs. Nathan was staying. A very small place, Hanover, 'tho' pretty - only three years established. No magistrate yet - a Dutch church, Rev. T. Burgers, first rate fellow, married an English lady and brought ? her out. Some very fair gardens, only three

stores - Batty's, Tait's and Kershbones. They have a small library, but badly supported and dirty - village looked rather idle altogether.

We left about 6, intending, being fine moonlight, to ride all night (this was Tues. 27th. Nov); about 7.45 we crossed the Sea-Cow River - pretty full - and outspanned on the other side - they call it also about 7 hours to Colesberg. A strong S.E. wind was blowing and it was frightfully cold - we tried to make a fire to get tea but could not. Went on again for two hours or more and outspanned in the veldt near some rocks and bush, where there was a little shelter. Fed the horses and made a fire, but could get no water. H. and the boy went to sleep but I could not. Started again about 2 o'clock in bright moonlight, but awfully cold - had to wrap ourselves in blankets and skins. Near a farm we lost our road, finding we were going S.E. instead of N.E. so had to track about country a bit till we came about 5 in the morning to van der Walt's farm, where we outspanned - say $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours from Colesberg - still cold; started again and got into COLESBERG about 9.15 - hungry, cold and cross.

The town is a queer old fashioned place with houses built closely together and streets not straight but crooked - quite unlike any other colonial town. It is about 40 years old and surrounded on all sides by little koppies and stones - hardly a garden to be seen or in fact anything green - must be terrifically hot in summer. We stayed at Bond's Hotel and paid 1/6 a bundle for forage, pretty large bundles, as we afterwards found out at another hotel! Principal stores, Draper, Ortlepp, Jas Murray & Co., Roos, Matthews and Green and several others. A wretched little library, very badly kept; a decent printing office by Giddy, who is just about to start a paper but there seems to be a great want of public spirit in the place, everyone looking on his neighbour with suspicion. We got letters that day, and intended to start for Phillipolis next day (Thurs.), but there came on a thunderstorm so we decided to delay till Friday morning when we set off about 9 o'clock, not very sorry to leave Colesberg. David Arnot came and spent part of an evening with us - he is a very peculiar fellow and you would think from his talk he was an honest well meaning man, but the general opinion is far otherwise. We also called on Mr. Draper, Mr. Murray etc. Found the road to Phillipolis rather heavy - got to the Orange River about 12 - it was full and certainly looked fine - a splendid stream, current running about 5 or 6 knots. We crossed in Roos' pont - the only one working; they had to place two boats in the stream to keep the warp? from sinking. Arrived on the other side and outspanned in the Orange Free State; took some dinner of hard boiled eggs, cold bacon and sherry; awfully hot - started on again and arrived at PHILLIPOLIS about 6 in the evening, the distance being about 40 miles, through a flat and rather uninteresting country, 'tho' the new grass (after the long drought) was just springing up and all around us appeared like a beautiful green carpet. Lots of springboks and other game along the road.

Phillipolis is a queer little place under the government of Adam Kok chief of the Griquas (although nominally in the Free State). There are a good many red brick houses here, principally inhabited by Griquas, and about 6 stores or shops; we saw Jas Smith here in Middleton's store and heard nothing to his credit. We stayed at Vaughan's, who is a customer of ours - such a funny fellow, says he is a connection of the Duke of Wellington. Also saw the Rev. W.B. Philip, who showed us over his garden, although there are very few in the place. He preaches to the Griquas and Dutch who come in and goes with the former to No Man's Land, whither they shortly expect to trek. But can't say Phillipolis is at all a nice place; Mrs. Vaughan is a regular character - we settled our business satisfactorily with V, and started off for Fauresmith on Saturday evg. about 6 o'clock, intending to stay the night at a Dutchman's named van Helsingden, about 1 hour distant, but on leaving town we took, unfortunately the road to the left instead of to the right and rode on till dark, having lost our way completely, came to some Griqua huts who told us (G not Huts!) we were 5 miles past the farm. Thought of sleeping on the veldt - however, got a guide and put us on the way and arrived at van Helsingden's about 9 o'clock - slept there - they behaving very kindly, saying we must call there on our return. Left about 8 on Sunday morning - very hot - a beautifully level road - outspanned at 11 o'clock by a dam - took dinner and read a chapter and prayer, staying there for more than two hours. Went on in

the afternoon and got to FAURESMITH, or Sannah's Poort, about 5 o'clock, being about 40 miles from Phillipolis. We pulled up in front of Hohne's house, and he came out and invited us to stay.

Fauresmith is a rising little town, has 7 or 8 large stores and does lots of business - Barrett & Co., Jas Murray & Co., Ayliff R, etc.; a fine Dutch church, just finished, having cost £6,000 - deals 2/- a foot. Went and saw Barrett and tried a harmonium for him to sell a Dutchman; stayed with Hohne, a very nice fellow - his wife was a Miss Every. That Janion? who was at Blaine's is here. Spent an evening with some Germans named Radloff, a Mr. Israel, a German, was there, and played and sang well.

Next morning about 9 o'clock (Tuesday) started for Bloemfontein - outspanned about 12 o'clock at C. Visser's, who was very kind and gave us dinner - four big daughters, played the harmonium. C. Visser is a regular fine specimen of a Dutchman - quite English!

Went on - very hot and one horse purged. Outspanned in the veldt about 2 hours further on and then drove on to a place name Furstenburg's who is supposed to keep a sort of accom. house half way between F. & B; clouds of dust and wind with part of a storm went on and on till quite pitch dark - one of the horses purged too. Sent boy on ahead with two leaders to pick out the road - fully thought we had lost our way and expected to capsize any minute, when I joyfully descried a light which proved to be Furstenburgs. He behaved in a nasty manner and didn't appear to want us at all; however, we got some supper, 'tho' the horses had to stand in the kraal with poor forage; and then we went to bed in a horribly dirty room - huge feather bed swarming with bugs, couldn't get a wink of sleep all night. Went on early next morning and found F. had charged frightfully for his accommodation; bought some capital "bill-tongue"!! of his to carry with us. Outspanned twice between this and Bloemfontein - no houses and nearly all flat country - quantities of game - we could have shot heaps only had no gun. Got a tremendous storm with whirlwinds of dust about 3 o'clock - had to lie down in the veldt, it must have been $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile high and strong, making it dark all round.

Got into BLOEMFONTEIN on the Wednesday afternoon about 4.30 - it has a very fine appearance as you enter the town, which is one of the best situated ones I have seen. We unfortunately found Mr. Every (our customer whom we came here to see) had gone to Smithfield the day before, so we had to drive to the only hotel in the place, which was a horribly dirty one. Harry went to see Mrs. Every and got an invite to go to her house and stay, but we slept and breakfasted at the hotel and then went over to Mrs. E. where we were much more comfortable, 'tho' could get but little forage for the horses and had to give them mealies and wheat. Bloemfontein is not nearly such a large and important place as I expected to see it - very few good houses and only about 5 decent stores. H & I went to see Mr. Brown, the master of the College, which is a good building, 'tho' not well supported by the O.F.S. Govt. We also went to see the Botanical Gardens, if it may merit such a name - a piece of public ground a little way out of the town and planted with young trees by a private gentleman entirely at his own trouble and expense - went to see the small fort close by with a few old guns - a fine view of an immense plain and the mountain opposite where Moshesh lives and reigns - altogether was not prepossessed with the place - the nasty Dutch rule and insecurity, as all hate the President, Pretorius, and say he cannot stand long. Many of the inhabitants (Dutch) would like to see the country under British rule again, as it used to be.

We waited till the post was delivered on Saturday morning and then started off about 9 o'clock for Smithfield, heartily glad to get away, having been dusty? and hot all the time; our way lay over a tremendous flat with nothing particularly interesting on the road except a large tree where the people of Bloemfontein met Prince Alfred. We outspanned near this and again at a Dutch farmer's named? where we got some wheat, Klinker showing evident signs of "skitteree" - had to outspan again for two hours and got to REDDERSBURG about dusk. This is a small town just newly established about 7 hours from Bloem-

fontein and half way to Smithfield. There are about 30 houses and two stores in it - no hotel, ofcourse, but here I found McFarlane, whom I knew in P.E. at I.O. Smith's, a regular Scotchman and he very kindly gave us supper and a bed. Had a chat with McF on old times. Were obliged to leave Klinker behind, being so sick, and started on the Sunday morning with three horses about 9 o'clock - lost our way at first, ofcourse, but got in all right in about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours to ? , a capital old Dutchman where we outspanned and got forage; he and his old vrow ? were reading the Bible - gave us some tea. On about 2 hours to a very nice farm house, covered with ? trees and good board. They gave us some dinner and forage - stopped at two more places and then got into Smithfield about 8 o'clock, after driving about an hour in the dark. Drove up to the (what people called) the better of the two hotels in the place, and very full it was. Could hardly get a decent supper and H and I had to sleep in a sort of crib, not large enough nor long enough for one, much less two, in a room not big enough to turn round in.

SMITHFIELD is a hot, dusty red bricked sort of place, not very pre-possessing. We went in search of Every in the morning, but found he was employed on a land commission at some distance, which was extremely annoying as we wanted particularly to see him - were obliged to stay here a day to rest our horses, but the hotel was very uncomfortable; a surveyor named Tandrill was staying here - an amusing, bombastical fellow. I went to see Reed and Aldisen ? , and learnt a little about the road from there. Also heard that Church, whom I came out with, had been up there and not done very well - was now schoolmaster somewhere. There is a good deal of business done here - about 6 stores. Weir's brother is here. Had a game or two of quoits and went to bed early. Edwards resided there for some time and did well.

Our horses looked pretty well, but we were in doubt which road to take - whether to go round by Aliwal North (which we both wished to see) or go straight across to Burghersdorp, the shortest way but not quite so good a road. We however decided to go round by Aliwal, and started from Smithfield on Tuesday morning at 5.30 - a beautiful morning - Pompey a bit stiff, but all on the whole going well. Got to the Caledon River - Lloyd's Pont - about 7, where we outspanned and waited until the pont came across; had breakfast and in about an hour inspanned and got over - with some trouble, however - owing to the very steep banks. The river was pretty full and looked fine, only, ofcourse, not nearly so large as the Orange R. Drove on for about two hours and came to a small brook or vlei and outspanned for two hours - very hot - we having to carry our own forage with us. On again to a nice shady rock and water, where we had dinner about 3 o'clock and made chocolate and enjoyed a quiet cigar in the shade; then on again for nearly two hours until we came to the Orange River and ALI WAL NORTH on the other side looking very well and on a splendid site.

We had to wait some time until the pont came over, and we had an awful trouble to get up and down the steep banks, but we got over safely about 5.30, and drove up to Mrs. Felstead's Hotel, which we learned was the best. I went immediately we had outspanned down to the Orange River and felt very hot and dirty - had a splendid bathe, but the river was too full and the stream too strong to venture far out.

Found Mr. Ozer was living at the hotel - he took us next morning to the library etc. and to the warm springs situated about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles out of the town; they are really wonderful - two large round holes, as it were, 9 feet in diameter and 30 or 40 deep, bubbling up strong in the middle, with quite warm water. People have tried to dive down but it was too strong for them. It is partly used for wool washing, partly for farming and the rest as water for the town, running in by a furrow. The library is a credit to the town. Ozer is in partnership with Halse and they do a good business here, also Mosenthal's, who have a fine store, and two others too. Altogether Aliwal has the appearance of a fine flourishing little place most beautifully situated right on the banks of the river, which looked splendid when we were there, being very full and magnificent in the moonlight. We were very comfortable at the hotel, several jolly fellows living there. They charged us

11/6 for the cart and three horses at the pont. Left Aliwal for Burghersdorp, about $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours, at 11 o'clock on the Weds. morning, very hot, and sheep all clustering together to shelter their sides and heads from the heat of the sun. Outspanned in about 2 hours, had dinner and made lots of tea and then on again on a very good road and the horses going pretty well. Outspanned again about 4 at Stormberg River, a very pretty spot, where we stayed an hour and then on again over a first class road, and then into Burghersdorp at dusk. We stopped at Jelley's Hotel near the entrance to the town from Aliwal - had a good tea and plenty of forage for the horses, and then strolled about the town.

BURGHERSDORP is quite a large and important place, much better than I imagined, about eight stores there doing lots of business, 'tho' the drought had been very severe in the district lately. There was a fine sundial erected in the market square to commemorate Prince Alfred's visit in August last. I met Wollheim who took us about, and spent the morning at his house - he and another young fellow are just opening here; also saw Tennant, Bergman, Joseph etc. Jas Kemp might have done a good business here if he had been steady. Visited the library, which is creditable, and got information about the road to Queenstown - were very comfortable at Jelley's Hotel. The town is surrounded, as usual, by large mountains and is situated quite in a hollow - in approaching from Aliwal you go down a great hill into the town and don't see it until quite upon it. Started on Friday morning at 5 o'clock for Queenstown, horses rather tired and Adam cheeky. Lovely morning, nice and cool. Outspanned in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, going up a sort of hill or Krantz and had some breakfast, giving the horses a and a drink (take left hand road going out of Burghersdorp). Went on for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours longer and outspanned again, having brought a little forage with us - on again for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours that brought us to a stop at a very comfortable farm house. We nearly sold our Free State farms here, gave us some bread, meat and milk, but he had no forage. On again about 4.30 along a large flat, until we came very abruptly on a steep descent " " Hoogte.

This used to be an awful road, being just the division between Burghersdorp and Queenstown districts, but lately it has been made much better, and the road winds round and round to avoid the steepness, 'tho' it is still a dangerous descent, and carts and wagons are generally taken up by an extra span of oxen, obtained at the toll keepers at the bottom. We got out and walked down, leaving Adam to drive the cart - the descent from the level above must be at least 1000 feet or more. Jacksons is situated at the bottom - he takes the toll of wagons and carts to help pay the expenses of keeping the road in repair, 'tho' many of the Dutch farmers prefer going round by a much worse descent to avoid paying. Jackson keeps a rough sort of accommodation house, in a rough sort of way - we got there about 6 o'clock on Friday evg., but unfortunately he had no forage, though we managed to get a few of his seed oats and a poor stable. Got a pretty good tea and a decent bed. We might have gone on a little further to an Englishman's farm, but it was questionable whether he would have had forage either. However, it commenced to rain soon after dark, so we were satisfied enough, as it turned out. Left Jacksons about 6 next morning for Queenstown - about 7 hours - country having quite a different appearance to the Burghersdorp district, a great many thorns giving very pretty scenery and nice green veldt after the rain. Outspanned in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours by a nice stream and had breakfast, driving on again until 11 o'clock, when we turned off the road about half a mile to the left, the farm of Chas , a relative of Mrs. Every. She had asked us to call; he gave no forage; we stayed there chatting about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours and then on again for two hours till we came to a pretty spot with thorns and shady trees on the bank of a river, where we outspanned and dined. A little further on is the missionary village of Lesseyton where the Fingoes and Caffres have learned to be expert at all sorts of trades - it is very interesting and well worth a visit, but we could not stop. On again thro' a very pretty country, and in full view of the splendid mountain called Hangklip, till we came, about 6.30, to QUEENSTOWN.

It is situated at the end of a good large plateau with a few hills and mountains round - and looked rather pretty as we drove in. There are three

or four good hotels in the place - we stayed at Best's at the S.W. end of the town and very comfortable we were. H & I went for a walk round and saw W.C. Hutcheons, who invited us to dinner next day; several very nice fellows staying at the hotel. Harry intended going to Cradock from here, and then to Graaff Reinet, but I was very anxious to go round via King Williams Town to Port Elizabeth and the bother was that I must be home by the evening of the 24th. in time for Harriet Dallamore's wedding on Christmas Day, and there was no Post Cart, only horses, to King Williams Town. Went to a pretty little English Church next day (Sunday) but didn't like the clergyman (Mr. Green) at all - awfully high church. When we came home it commenced to spot with rain - went to Hutcheons - pretty little cottage - Mrs. H. and two children. Almost arranged with H to hire me a pair of horses to King Williams Town - went home about 3.30, raining hard. Thought I would call upon Mrs. Valentine, so did; found her at home with a pretty little baby, not much altered from the Carrie Fairbridge that was - very pleased to see me, stayed to tea, spent the evening with her. Mr. V. wasn't very well. Next morning raining still, so we couldn't start. I had purchased a horse and saddle. We ambled about town and met Robt. White, of Godlonton and White of Grahamstown, who was going with his two daughters and cart and pair to King Wms. Town, but was delayed by the rain. He offered me a seat very kindly if I would get a horse for his boy to ride, but he strongly persuaded Harry to go to K.W.T. as it was an opportunity and a sight not to be lost. Though H. wanted to get home badly, at last we agreed to take our own cart and horses (being unable to hire any reasonably), and travel with White, so we started about 1 o'clock on the Monday.

Queenstown is certainly a fine go-ahead little place, only 8 years established and quite larger than many of 30 years standing. There are about 7 stores, some wholesale, and several very decent shops. There is a place left vacant in the centre of the town, octagon shape, with 8 streets leading into it - an odd idea which makes a cut off appearance. Valentine talks of giving up business here, nearly all wagons travel through King Wms. Town, to avoid the Katberg which is a horrid road and almost impassable. East London is undoubtedly the port for Queenstown, being so much nearer than P.E. White had two powerful horses and an open cart, still drizzling and the road very bad and slippery; one of his daughters about 16 and the other 12. We intended to drive to Tylden that night, a military post on the road, about 100 of the 13th Regt. there and an hotel - they call it 4 hours. We stayed at the small farm of Kember White, about 2 hours on the road - he has a very good mill for grinding corn - gave the horses a little forage, looked over the mill and then went on.

The diary of this trip ends at this point.

AT PORT ELIZABETH

Queen's Birthday 1858 - On board "Quincy" with their brat - Heal etc.

Queen's Birthday 1859 - Tudhope, Pearse, Cary and I took our own boat - off the beach - and spent the evening before on board the "Golden Fleece", sang glees etc. great fun - slept on board, fooled ? about next morning and saw the race to D's after noon.

Queen's birthday 1860 - Had our grand boat race - White Boat vs Black do. Started from Rock beyond Fishery about 8 - three miles took us 30 minutes. White - dressed in blue - Herbert (s) Jones, C. Fleming, and Jack Holland and Stovil (cox); Black - dressed in white - Heal (s), Bolus, Tudhope, Smith and Duthie (cox)

Lots of people on the breakwater to see us come in - we beat them by about 300 yards, and then both crews adjourned to breakfast at Phoenix. Saw Volunteers and went on board "Gemsbok" in afternoon with Sophie, Harriet and Miller, also Tudhope, Smith, Aston etc.

VOYAGE FROM ENGLAND TO PORT ELIZABETH
IN SAILING VESSEL "RUBENS" IN 1861

On Tuesday, 16th. December 1861, being becalmed within 100 miles of Algoa Bay, I deem it just as well to copy out extracts from the journal I kept on the voyage so as to be ready to post immediately I get ashore. The English mail is supposed to leave Port Elizabeth on the 17th. Dec. or it may be delayed until the 18th - if so we may just have a chance of catching it, so it is as well to have a few lines ready to send immediately. I am not going to call this a journal, but I have no doubt my governor will be interested, if no one else will, in the latitude and longitude each day and any little occurrences that happened, though I cannot profess to make it amusing enough for general perusal; however, a preface only takes up room, so here goes.

I may as well mention that we are all rather disappointed at to-day's calm weather - it is rather foggy too; we can barely see the land and the current is taking us back again. I find on referring to the earlier pages of the little pocket book in which I kept in pencil the notes that a great deal has rubbed out and become almost unreadable. I think I mentioned in my letter from the Downs that we anchored off Herne Bay on Wednesday night 2nd. October - next morning Thursday wind came up pretty fresh E.S.E. and at half past nine in the morning we were obliged to take a steam tug for a few miles to enable us to round the North Foreland. After getting round we cast off the tug and setting all sail we went ahead capitally. The "Trafalgar" and the "Walmer Castle", two fine large ships of Greens close to us, bound, I think, for India - we kept pretty close together - the "Rubens" though a small ship, sails very well, and is a good model and very sharp. It is a beautiful day and we are sailing close to the shore. The pilot is a regular rum old fellow, fat and loquacious and fidgety, we put ashore in the Downs about three o'clock. He slept on one of the settees last night and snored like a whole brood of pigs. We gave him quite a large bundle of letters - Mrs. Klinck and I wrote a few lines to the Cape.

I must digress here to say that at noon to-day (December 16th) we spoke a schooner which had been in sight all morning - found she was from Cape Town bound to Plettenberg Bay, so that after all we are not so near Port Elizabeth as we thought. You will find Plettenberg Bay marked on any map of South Africa - it is used principally as a port for the shipping of timber, and is about 180 miles still from Algoa Bay. We can see chains of high wooded hills and mountains stretching along and we are not more than 15 miles from the shore.

Thursday 3rd. Oct. After putting pilot ashore we came past Walmer Castle, Deal and then Dover came in sight - wind steady and fair, the night rather thick. After tea sat in the saloon and played drafts and dominoes with the young ladies, and turned in at ten, just as the lights from Hastings were abeam.

I think now I must describe our passengers at full length, as well as I can. There are Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, Miss Bailey (sister to Mr. B - any age 30 to 40), Margaret Bailey 15, Kate B (13) and Charley B (18), two daughters and the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, Miss Maria Cummings (21), niece of Mr. B. There you have a party of seven - next comes Mrs. Klinck, a description of whom is needless to you, and her servant Julia, a passable looking young girl with a strong Cockney brogue, and as innocent of sea-faring life as a babe unborn; Mr. Birtwhistle (24) son of a Yorkshire clergyman; Mr. Overton (22) also son of a Yorkshire clergyman and both highly respectable and gentlemanly fellows who have had excellent education; a Mr. Nicholson, a tall young Scotsman from the island of Lewes; and last (but ofcourse not least) your humble servant - just about enough, and with the Captain and mate, sufficient to crowd the saloon table, making us all keep our elbows pretty close to our sides. I think I may as well describe and say all I know about the passengers at once that you may bring them better before you when I mention the names.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey are going out to the Cape (with their three children,

sister and niece) to farm. They lived about ten years ago on a farm near Hucknall and knew Nottingham very well indeed. They have since been farming in Ireland. Mr. B. is a fine, fat, jolly natured fellow about 45, and was 6 years at sea in the Merchant Service, as a youth. Mrs. B. is a severe, well informed lady of about 40, I should think, strict Church of England, and I am afraid rather narrow and prejudiced in her views. I lent her, one Sunday, a most delightful little book, written by a minister who had all but embraced New Church views, called *Foregleams ? of Immortality*. She returned it to me saying she thought it very shocking; however, she is very well informed and good company. Her two daughters, Maggie and Kate, are ofcourse mere children, and pleasant and lively. Miss Bailey (the aunt) is very quiet and hardly ever utters. Maria Cummings (the cousin) is a jolly nice girl, rather pretty and lively - have no doubt will be capital company - have no doubt I shall fall in love with her and flirt awfully!

Mr. Birtwhistle is a very nice fellow, nearly 6 feet, lively, clever and amusing, though rather deaf and near sighted. He was, I think, intended for the medical profession, but is now going to farm. Mr. Bendelack is a friend of his (the young man I mentioned some years ago who said he had been head master of the Propriety School of Leicester). Mr. Overton is a young fellow rather faster - was at Oxford for two years intending to be a clergyman, but didn't like it and is going to sheep farm along with his friend Mr. Birtwhistle. Overton is a jolly sporting fellow, though gentlemanly. Mr. Nicholson is a canny Scot, going out to farm too, and determined to make money. He is not half so polished or well educated as the other two, has been used to farming all his life - plain, homely and good natured. Charley Bailey is a pretty good sort of young fellow, not long from school and ofcourse rather green. I believe he is going to do some land surveying when he gets to the Colony - at present he seems rather idle and is evidently a spoilt boy - speaks to his parents in a manner unpleasant to hear. And now I think you know pretty well the company I shall be in for 2 or 3 months. Captain Young seems a kind, steady man, anxious to do his duty and please his passengers. This being his first trip to the Cape, he is ofcourse very desirous of making a good passage. He is young, not more than 35, quite a Scotsman. He has been in the Mauritius and guano trade for quite a long time - was mate of the "Rubens" two voyages ago and knows a great many masters of vessels with whom I am acquainted. Mr. Mitchell, our first mate, is also an Aberdonian and a first rate fellow, and he is a regular, handy smart little sailor, who also plays the concertina a little, and he is exceedingly good natured and obliging. There is a second mate, Mr. Dew, a carpenter, seven men and three apprentices, a steward and a black cook.

Friday 4th Oct. Wind this morning fresh from the Eastward and ship doing well - a good deal more sea on - rather a small party at breakfast - young ladies not visible. Two fellows had to make a sudden rush on deck during that meal. About ten o'clock we are opposite the Isle of Wight - all last night there were cries of "Light on starboard bow, sir" by the lookout man. During the morning sat on deck reading the last P.E. paper, and commenced my journal. Weather very cold, crew rigging out sternsail booms on yards. Dined at two - not many ventured. I felt rather dizzy, but not sick. Was walking on poop with Mrs. Klinck this morning before breakfast, when up rushed Mr. Overton and immediately commenced to feed the fishes at a most vigorous rate, looking so comical. None of the passengers but Mr. and Mrs. B., Mrs. Klinck and I have been to sea before, so they are ofcourse new to everything connected with it. Tea at six, after which sat on deck and sang snatches of songs, catches etc. until half past ten. We are getting to know one another now - I find Mr. Overton rather musical, and he sings entirely from ear. Mrs. Bailey and her daughters also sing a little, principally sacred music. We saw a great many vessels to-day, and it has been very fine weather indeed. We consider ourselves fortunate thus far, and almost expect to be out of the channel tonight. The wind is rather up and hauling more to the northward; our cabin, in which there are four - is exceedingly small and consequently rather hot and close - the thermometer on turning in 69 deg. and on getting up 71.

Saturday 5th Oct. Rose about eight - I am generally the first to turn out, as only one and perhaps two have possibly room to dress and wash - so very small is our space. Imagine a room about 6 feet long by 4 feet broad, on the two sides of which are four bunks and filled with the luggage and persons of the four unfortunate inmates - we four get on pretty well at present. Wind this morning rather light and variable (Capt. says we are nearly down opposite Lands End). The "Walmer Castle" is just on our port beam, drawing rather ahead of us. "Trafalgar" was in sight all yesterday, but to-day we have lost her. Some Plymouth fisherman from a fishing smack sent a boat along side with fish, but Captain didn't buy any. After breakfast it came on to rain a little - all in saloon overhauling rifles and luggage and reading. I must tell you the saloon is rather small - it is only feet long and feet broad, with two settees containing three people let in on either side. The table itself is feet long and feet broad, and with the fixed stools with backs against it, you may imagine there is little room to move about in it. There are two entrances - one flush on to the main deck, and one up four steps to a small deck against the wheel - quite at the stern - from which there are again two ladders leading on to the poop. This makes our only walking and sitting place - it is about 30 feet long by 20 feet broad; most of the passengers brought cane and wooden chairs for deck use. I give you a rough place of the cabins on the other side and will give you the dimensions so that you can judge of our habitation. The saloon is 14 feet long by 10 broad, and the table takes up $9\frac{1}{2}$ x $3\frac{1}{4}$ - you may see by the plan about the size of our berths.

Not many came down to dinner today, some taking it in their cabins and others on deck. I held out pretty manfully. After dinner breeze freshened and we went along very well. It turned very cold at tea time and I began to feel rather queer - pretty rough sea - so determined to put an end to any squeamishness and tried to swallow my finger, the immediate effect of which was benefit to the finny tribe and relief to myself. Mustered in the saloon at night, gentlemen having previously had a glass of toddy for sweethearts and wives; we got up a sing or two, being rather too cold for deck. Turned in pretty early.

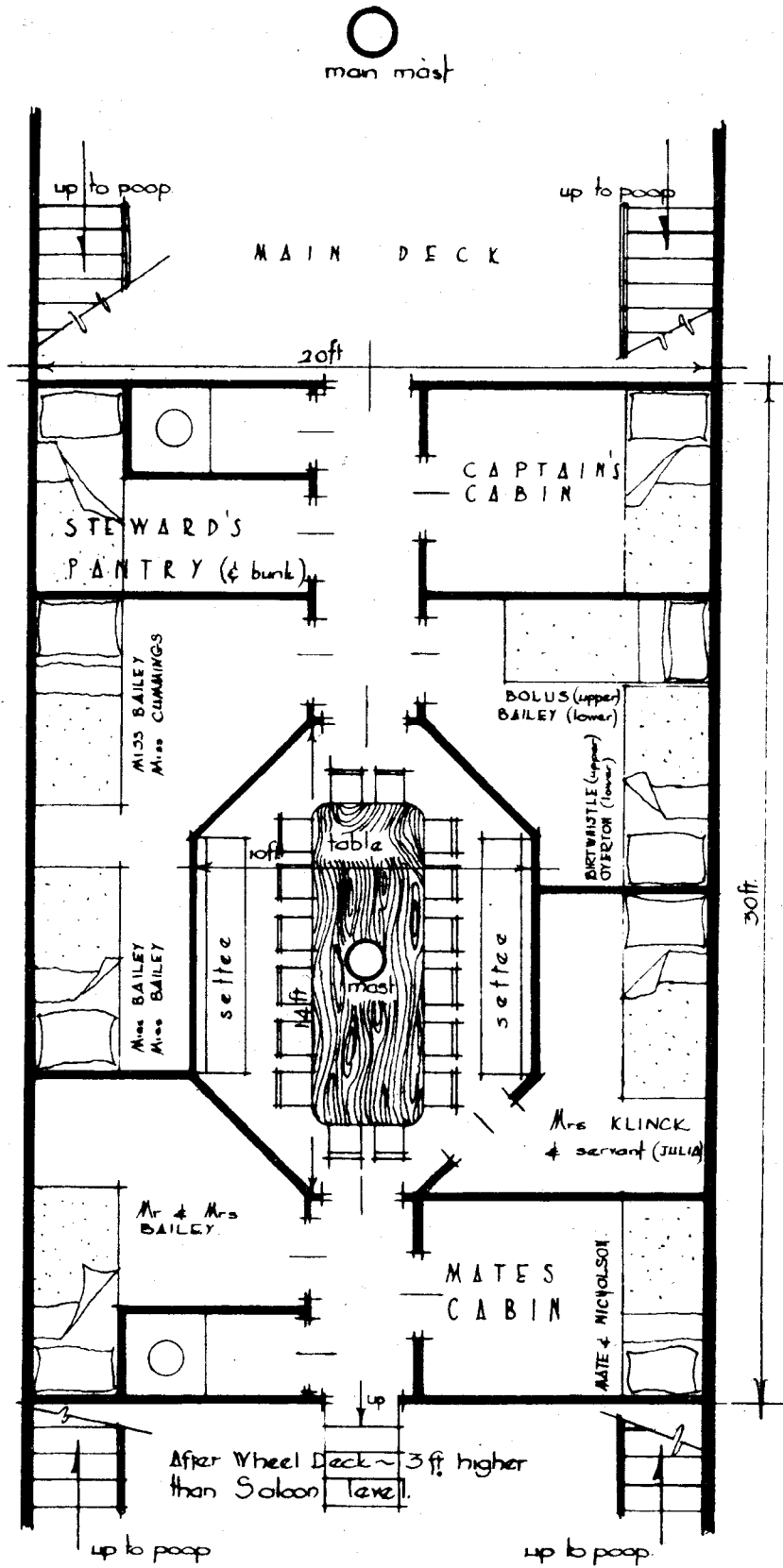
Sunday 6th Oct. Got up at eight - wind good all night, but light this morning - felt much better, though heavy ground swell; Capt. says were not off soundings yet. We all wished to have service, but no one liked to officiate, the Capt. being rather diffident. We spoke a vessel called "Acmel", which desired us to report her. We were four short to-day at dinner - not quite over the squeamishness yet; in the evening we had reading, each one taking verses from the Bible, and some little singing.

Monday 7th Oct. Wind light - at noon to-day are in N. Lat 47.42 & W. Long. 8.50, having been 94 miles since yesterday. I forgot to say that the Capt. distributed a lot of tracts, such as "Pious Coalheaver" etc. - played dominoes in the evening.

Tuesday 8th Oct. Glass low and weather cloudy and gloomy - stored all light sails and in afternoon tacked and stood to southward - at evening and midnight, stormy breeze from S.W. and heavy rain. Saw several sail in the course of the day - turned in early, our cabin awfully hot and close.

Wednesday 9th Oct. Light breeze from N.W. and cloudy at noon, wind increasing, squally and heavy swell. We are in N. Lat 46.43 and W. Long. 11.54 - took reef in topsails at 4 o'clock and another at 10 - strong gale - stowed mainsail jib and in fact everything but reefed topsails - blowing tremendously and ship rolling about awfully. It's a regular dirty night, everything rumbling about. I felt rather squeamish - no appetite. Played quartettes cards with the young ladies, till interrupted by the frightful pitching and rolling.

Thursday 10th Oct. Wind more moderate this morning, shook out a reef, tho' cloudy and glass very low. Heavy swell from S.W. Several sail in sight - spoke the barque "Lema" from Teddo? to London and asked them to report us -



PART PLAN OF s. v. "RUBENS"
 from the original by Walter Bolus copied by
 his great-granddaughter, Heather Bowdell. 1967.

so you ought to hear by the "Times". At noon we are in N. Lat 44.48 and W. Long 14.04 - towards evening cloudy and threatening and towards 5 wind chopped round to northward and it blew a regular gale with heavy seas running - Capt. says we should have a dirty night. At eight close reefed topsails stowed and heaved the vessel to for the night.

Friday 11th Oct. Still hove to when I got up, but wind getting more moderate; about 11 o'clock made sail and stood to S.W., wind nearly N.N.W., tho' still heavy seas. The barometer is rising and we are hoping it is going to be fair at last. We were knocked about in our bunks all night - some didn't sleep at all; in the afternoon wind hauled round to S.W. - blew hard right against us. Ofcourse we are all deploring our fate, but the Capt. keeps saying it will change tomorrow and he is very glad we are so well out of the Channel. We are steering nearly S.S.E. - right out of our course, under very short sail - rather dull - no one felt inclined to do anything, tho' in the evening played dominoes with the girls. I felt all right to-day and imagine I have got over the sea squeamishness - the other fellows smoke and drink tremendously. Had a jaw with one of the sailors who has been in Algoa Bay for some time and is working his passage out now to stay there.

Saturday 12th Oct. Wind still S.W. - heavy sea - doing absolutely nothing under close reefed topsails, but making lee-way. Killed a pig - all the things in our bunks flying about like mad and water rushing on to the decks; had songs all round in saloon this evening, and turned in rather early - I on the lee sofa, thinking my bunk far too hot.

Sunday 13th Oct. Slept very little last night - it was probably the worst night we have had - wind still fresh S.W. tho' abated slightly and glass rising. Heavy sea and ship making nothing. We are all getting out of patience - we haven't had a fair wind since leaving the Channel, and we hope for a change every day, but still this hard S.W. wind continues, and the vessel, being light, kicks about awfully. Mr. Birtwhistle obliged to wash in goloshes this morning, having upset the water can - altogether a most dismal look-out as a commencement - sea going down towards dinner time. Capt. gave us port and sherry to-day, for the first time, with roast pork, and it is wonderful how much the wine brought out the conversation. We sat huddled up on deck all the afternoon, and two or three passengers are still sick. Had an interesting service at 11, Birtwhistle read the church service and I started the chants and hymns; also service in evening with sermon. Several boys and carpenter, cook and second mate attended; quite a respectable choir - treble, tenor and bass. The weather was finer towards evening - wind still S.W., fine moonlight.

Monday 14th Oct. Woke up this morning by young Bailey crying "good news - fair wind" and found we had a light breeze from N.W. - sea still heavy - out reefs and made sail, wind hauling to N.E. A ship astern directly after dinner, and great cries of "whale, whale". A large one came up spouting and making a tremendous noise close to the ship - must have been 18 to 20 feet long - looked like a great wheel rolling over and over - quite an excitement; the dog "Rubens" very anxious to give chase! Wind towards evening fresh N.E. we set sail and away we went - a beautiful moonlight night - spinning along at 10 knots - a fair wind at last. Capt. and one or two of us drank success to the same - we have been a fortnight out and done not nearly so well as we ought to have done - we all consider it a very unfortunate commencement. We are to-day N. Lat 44.43 and W. Long 14.15 our course is S.W. by W, there are two points variation here.

Tuesday 15th Oct. Awoke this morning at half past two by a tremendous rush of water - thought the whole cabin was afloat. It turned out to be a sea having come through the window left open, right on to Mr. Birtwhistle and Mr. Overton - both jumped up in night attire and declared they were drowned; they rose dripping and we all laughed in chorus - it was so comical. Boxes and things were swimming about and all their clothes and beds were wet through; my hat got jammed behind the door - heaps of crockery was also smashed.

In the morning, at nine, we sighted a barque ahead and passed her by noon, in a splendid breeze. Mrs. Klinck has been in bed two days - cold etc. We employed all morning putting boxes right etc. Light rain in afternoon - wind more abeam to-day. We are in Lat 51.46 and W. Long 15.30, and ran about 190 miles; it is squally and the wind is veering. The Capt. is going to stay up all night again; he has not been to sleep, except for an hour or two in the daytime since we were out.

Wednesday 16th Oct. Fine morning, wind light S.W. again we don't seem able to keep a fair breeze - on starboard tack steering S.E. right out of our course - weather mild and warm - at noon to-day we are in N. Lat. 35.36 W. Long 16.50 - nearly 200 miles. Played odd man for pennies, covered books and looked over music played games with girls in the evening - men folk don't turn in until 12 o'clock - beautiful moonlight.

Thursday 17th Oct. Wind about S. this morning, rather light - we are close hauled and with variation lying S.W. by W. - sea vessel rolling and pitching; at noon N. Lat 37.00 W. Long 17.01 - sighted a ship on weather bow at dinner time, all feel very idle - 5 knot breeze. I don't know whether I mentioned that we have on board a very fine bloodhound, mastiff dog named "Rubens" - quite young. He is always playing about in the poop and causes us great diversion, and is very large and strong. All the young fellows are very pleasant and it is very jolly. Tonight we had a quadrille and a few polkas etc. on the poop - Miss Cummings dances like a brick! As it was such a lovely night, the Capt. and we menfolk sat on the deck until 3 o'clock, singing songs, eating bread and cheese and drinking sherry and half and half; the weather was nearly a dead calm.

Friday 18th Oct. Got up rather late - nearly calm and temperature decidedly milder, and we are all hoping for wind. While we are inactive, I may as well mention the meals etc. Breakfast at nine punctually - ham and eggs, stew, curry, twice laid (fish and potato), herrings, salmon or tongues, and chops and fry when we killed a sheep or pig. Dinner at two, capital soup, fresh pork or mutton, curry and lots of preserved meats - tripe sometimes and fowls and ducks while they lasted. Tea at six, a rather loose affair, as no one eats much then, bread and jam and a biscuit and cheese at nine; the cheese excellent, and this we agreed was an excellent institution and went down well with stout and half and half. On the whole, you will imagine we lived tolerably well. At noon to-day N. Lat. 36.30 W. Long 18.01. Capt. says we are only 2 or 300 miles from Madeira - breezy towards evening, lying our course S.W. I always walk the poop for an hour from 7 to 8, and calculate I do about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Played dominoes and speculation with the young ladies.

Saturday 19th Oct. Good breeze through the night and beautiful morning, wind N.W. - 5 or 6 knots, expect to sight Madeira tomorrow. To-day I introduced the game of shovel-board, played on all the Atlantic steamers. They had never heard of it before - we had it on the "Jura" ? almost every day. You make a square with chalk on the deck, or rather ten squares numbered from 1 to 9, one in front 10. Each player takes a round sheave and pushes it along the deck with a spoon or wooden cue, and the player counts the number of squares into which his sheave goes. If any part of the sheave rests on the chalk line it doesn't count - if the sheave goes into the square in front with 10 - that number is taken off from the side - any number can play. They all passed a vote of thanks to me for introducing the game - they like it exceedingly. Today we are in N. Lat 34.35 W. Long 17.41 - read poetry and wrote journal in the afternoon. At 8 o'clock the men kind all retired below into the saloon - sang songs all round - with toddy, excellent Scotch whisky with boiling water - some capital songs, I was obliged to learn some for the occasion. After finishing up with "Auld Lang Syne" we rejoined the ladies on deck and had a capital dance to the inspiring tones of the concertina played by our gallant first officer with an energy worthy of a better cause. Did not turn in till very late.

Sunday 20th Oct. Very pleasant morning, nice soft breeze - was called at 7 to see the island of Madeira - there it was, sure enough, about 15 miles off. We saw, ofcourse, the western end - it is 4.5 miles long, east and west, and 15 miles north and south - it was a most delicious day and all passengers and men coming out in clean Sunday attire, made the scene most pleasant. The water is a beautiful blue. We had service on deck at 11.30 - quite interesting and all enjoyed it very much. We had the regular chants and hymns of the Church of England. Sighted a Portuguese brig and a fore and aft schooner, but not near enough to speak - wind about S.S.E. at 4 or 5 knots. At noon we are N. Lat 33.00 and W. Long 15.00. Killed a sheep yesterday, so had capital fresh mutton for dinner. Tonight had some of my apples for dessert - they were most excellent and beautifully ripe. I had taken care to wrap them singly to prevent bruising. Tried the shower bath this morning, but it did not act very well. Madeira still looming in the distance at dusk. Had service after tea and then walked and chatted and sang hymns in the poop until bed-time. Capt. acknowledges we had some "very coarse weather", as he terms it, in the first fortnight, but it will break us in well.

Monday 21st Oct. Fine morning, tho' a shower or two; turned out a lovely day. Wind light E.S.E., we steering S. by W. We can fully appreciate this weather after so many storms; life at sea like this always wouldn't be so bad - it is mild but not hot, with cool breeze. Sat on deck and thought it high time I commenced to do some work, so began to write up my diary of America and all the places I've been to; I mean to devote three hours every morning to this. Mrs. Klinck is still unwell and keeping her berth. At noon we are N. Lat 32.09, W. Long 17.03, and 90 miles since yesterday. We all played shovel board in the afternoon, and had capital fun - ladies betting on either side; played speculation for nuts in the evening - splendid moonlight night - 5 knot breeze.

Tuesday 22nd Oct. Mrs. Klinck very unwell indeed - had blisters on. Capt. and I had to carry her on deck. A lovely day - we had the awning up - two vessels in sight ahead. We are in N. Lat 28.54, W. Long 19.34, and am afraid shall not see Teneriffe now, although the Capt. would like to. We played shovel board all afternoon - wind lighter, altho' we are coming up a little to the ships ahead. To-day has been rather hot.

Wednesday 23rd Oct. Was awoke this morning by hearing the mate say to the Capt. "Invite him on board for breakfast"! I rushed up on deck after dressing and found that one of the vessels which was ahead the evening before was close on to our port beam, and that it was the "Skimmer of the Seas", bound to Algoa Bay, which had sailed 8 days before us - I knew the vessel well. There was hardly any wind - we hoisted our ensign, to which he replied - but no more. A slight breeze came up and we walked away from him easily. He then ran up his signals for us to stop to speak him. We hauled our cross-jack, - topsail yard to aback, hauled up mainsail and slacked all sheets for him to come up to us.

And here ends his journal - actually a letter to his father. We know no more, except that the good ship "Rubens" was becalmed near Plettenberg Bay in the middle of December of that year 1861, and that her passengers later arrived safely at Port Elizabeth.

BRIEF NOTES ON THE DIARIES

- Page 16
- 1) According to Lawrence G. Green's "Almost Forgotten, Never Told" the ship "Waldensian" was wrecked on Struys Point, near Agulhas in 1861 - no lives were lost.
 - 2) He mentions Butterworth as a missionary station a few miles up the river from Port St. Johns. This is ofcourse wrong - presumably he meant Umtata, although this also seems wrong, as it is not "up the river".
 - 3) The walk to D'Urban from the jetty must have been heavy going then. It is interesting to note that the first train in South Africa ran from D'Urban to the Point, and the first trip was made on 21st January 1860 - the line must have been under construction when Grandfather passed that way!

Page 16/17 Woods Masonic Hotel. According to Doris Roughton (Daily News, Natal 24th August 1963) George Winder ran McDonald's Hotel in 1857, and re-named it the Masnic. It is now the Royal.

George Cato. This gentleman was the first mayor of D'Urban 1854, and he and his brother Christopher were well known D'Urban traders of those days.

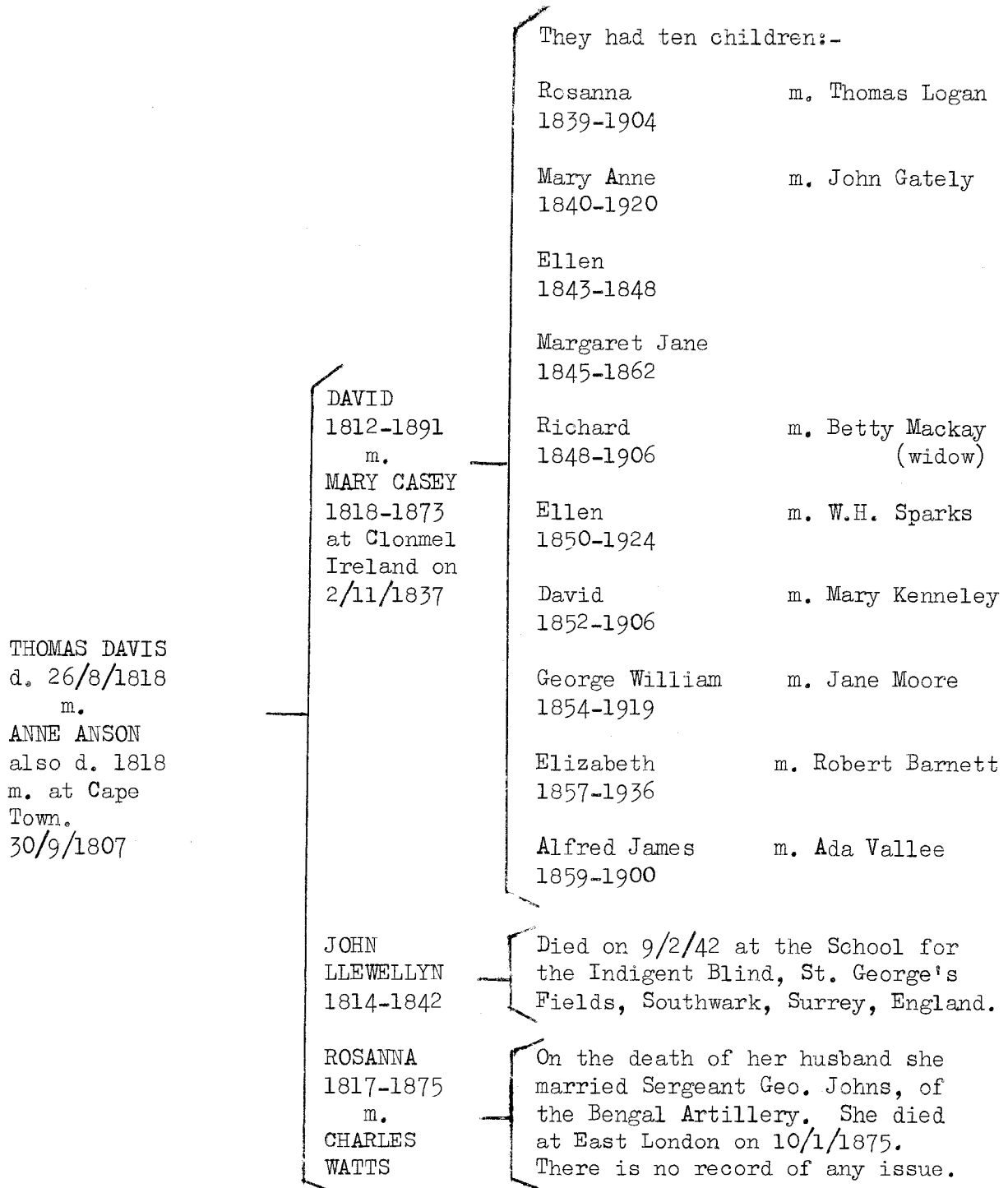
Page 19 Trip to Graaff Reinet with Nathan. Trying to work out the route they took by studying to-day's maps, they seem to have travelled the road which now runs along the railway to Klipplaat, and then up to Aberdeen road, but from this point it looks as if they went due north to Graaff Reinet on a course where the railway now runs, but the map shows a very minor track there to-day.

Page 20. The route to Graaff Reinet via Grahamstown, Bedford and Scmerset was apparently the normal one in those days - it was the post cart route.

Page 21 The new village, just established must have been Pearston.

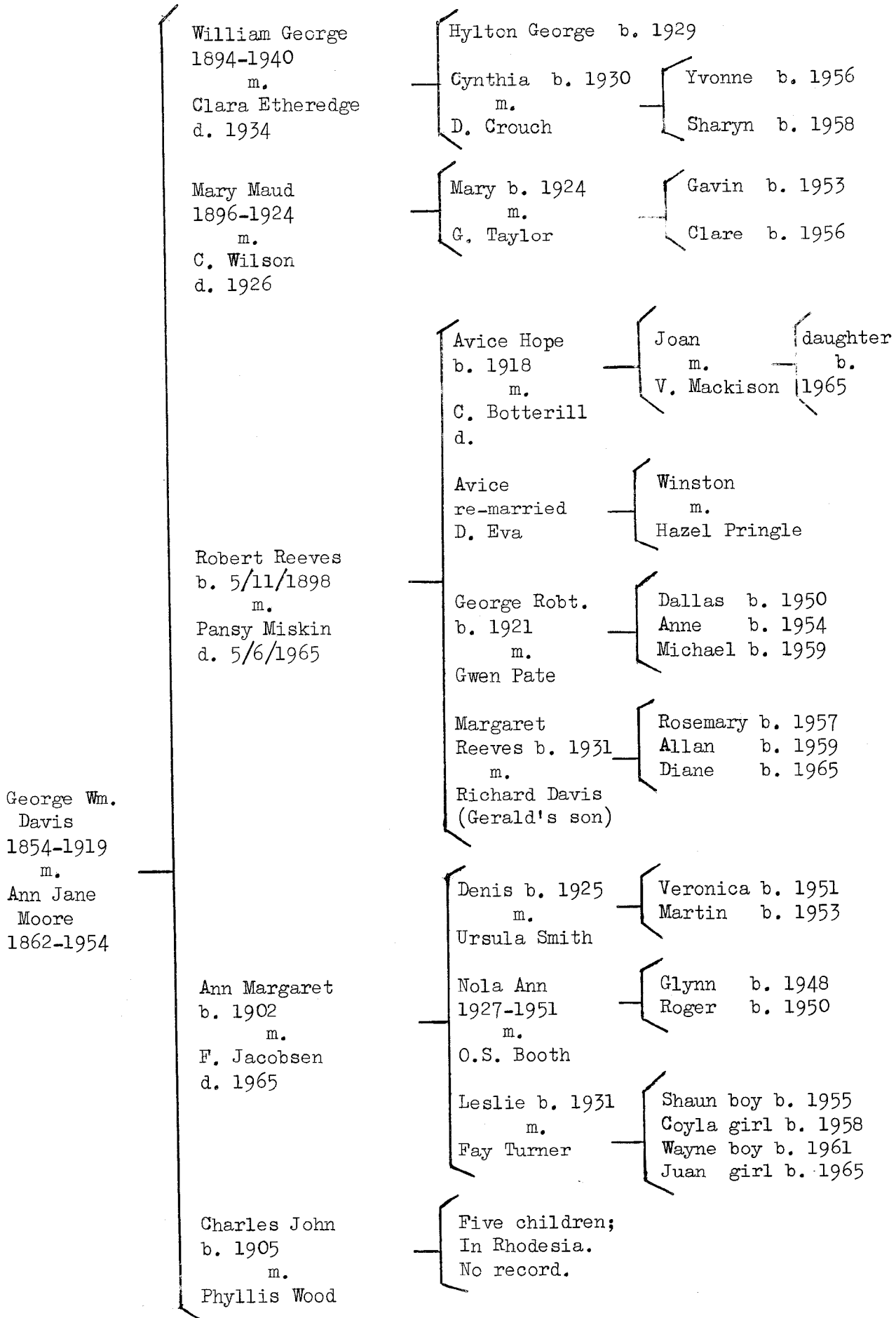
Page 25 He makes quite enthusiastic remarks about a "rising little town, Fauresmith, with seven or eight large stores etc." To-day, one hundred and seven years later, the total population is still about 2,000, and the little town enjoys what the Johannesburg "Star" of 9th November 1967 describes as "a unique arrangement in South Africa and a rarity in the world - South African Railway trains puff their stately way down the main street on their way to and from Koffiefontein":

Page 26 It is interesting to speculate about the plan they discussed to go from Smithfield to Burgheersdorp either direct or via Aliwal North. Presumably the direct route then was via Bethulie.

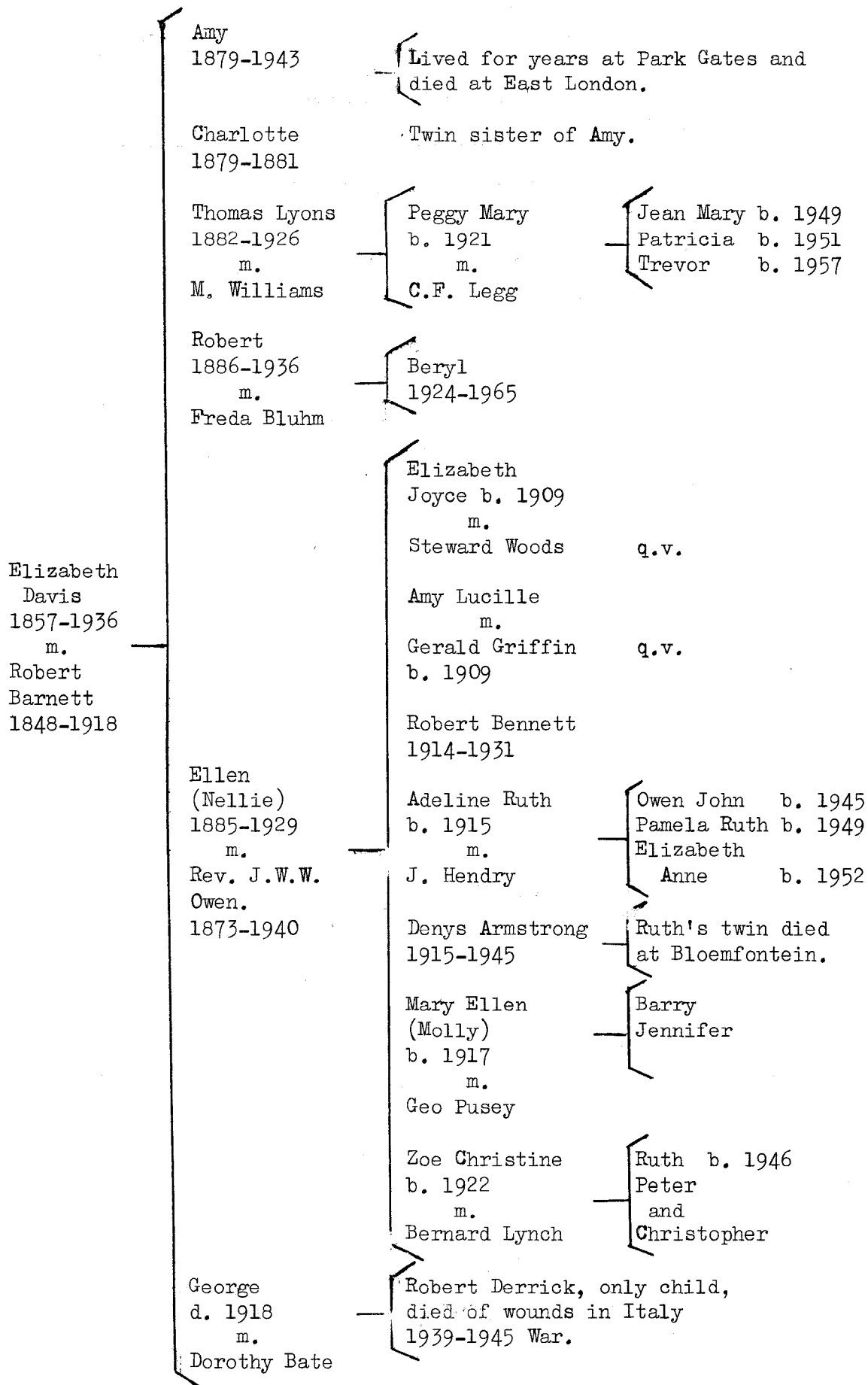
THE DAVIS FAMILY

Note The Buckland connection.

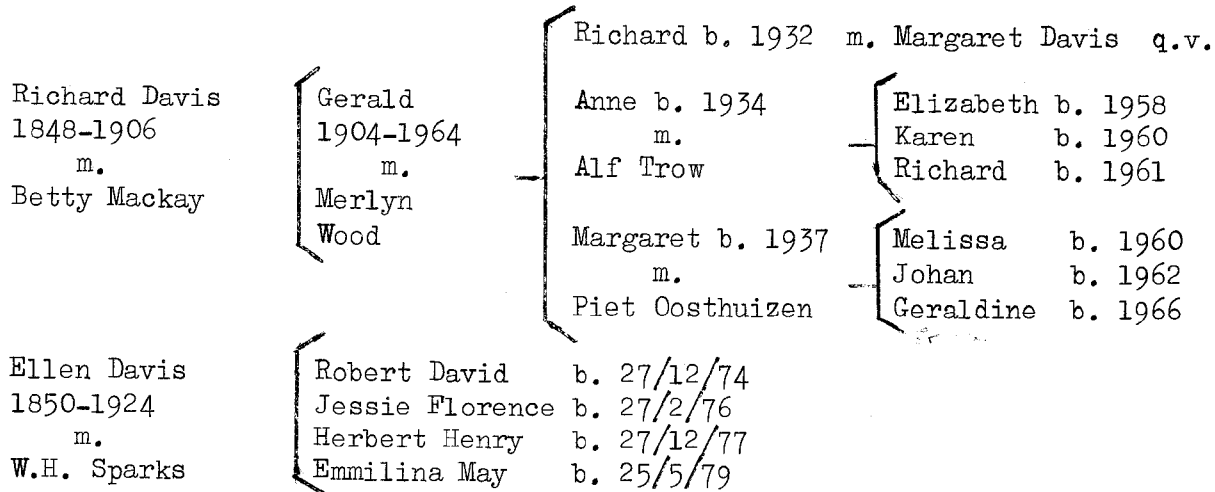
Robert Barnett, above, who married Elizabeth Davis, had a sister, Charlotte. Charlotte was married twice - to O'Brien, and after his death to A.D. Duncan. The daughter of the first marriage was Margaret O'Brien, who married J.W.C. Buckland, (1860-1934) and they were the parents of Nora Aitchison (Pretoria) and Gwyneth (Johannesburg) and Cecil (Salisbury). Mrs. Buckland died at Pretoria in 1939, in her early seventies. Charlotte Duncan (Barnett) died in 1920, aged 76.

THE DAVIS FAMILY

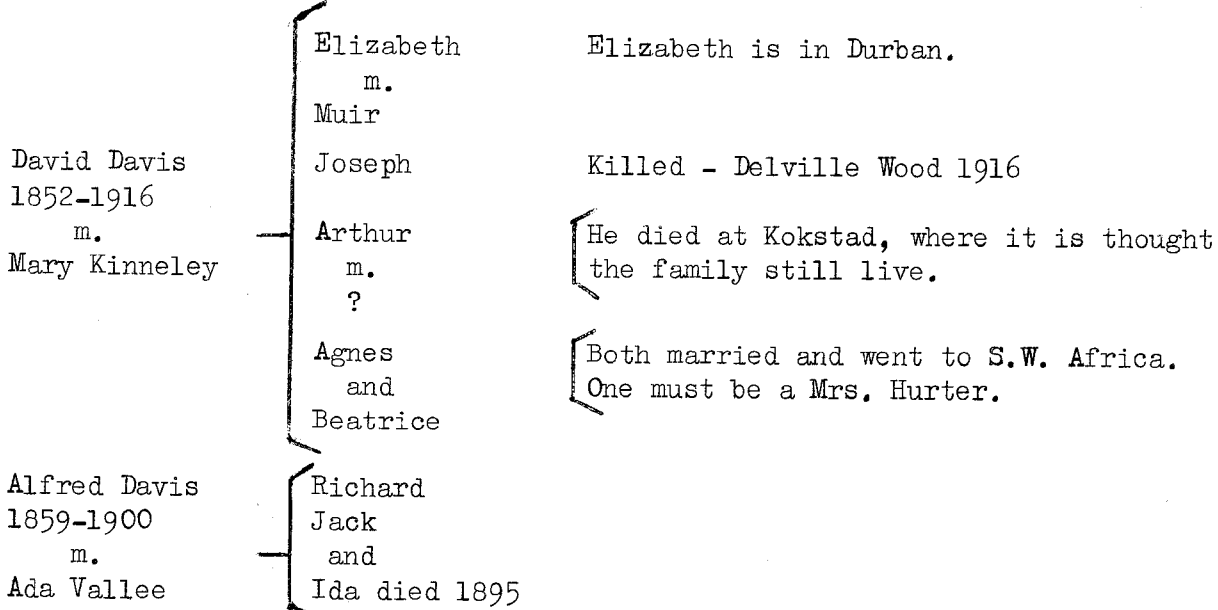
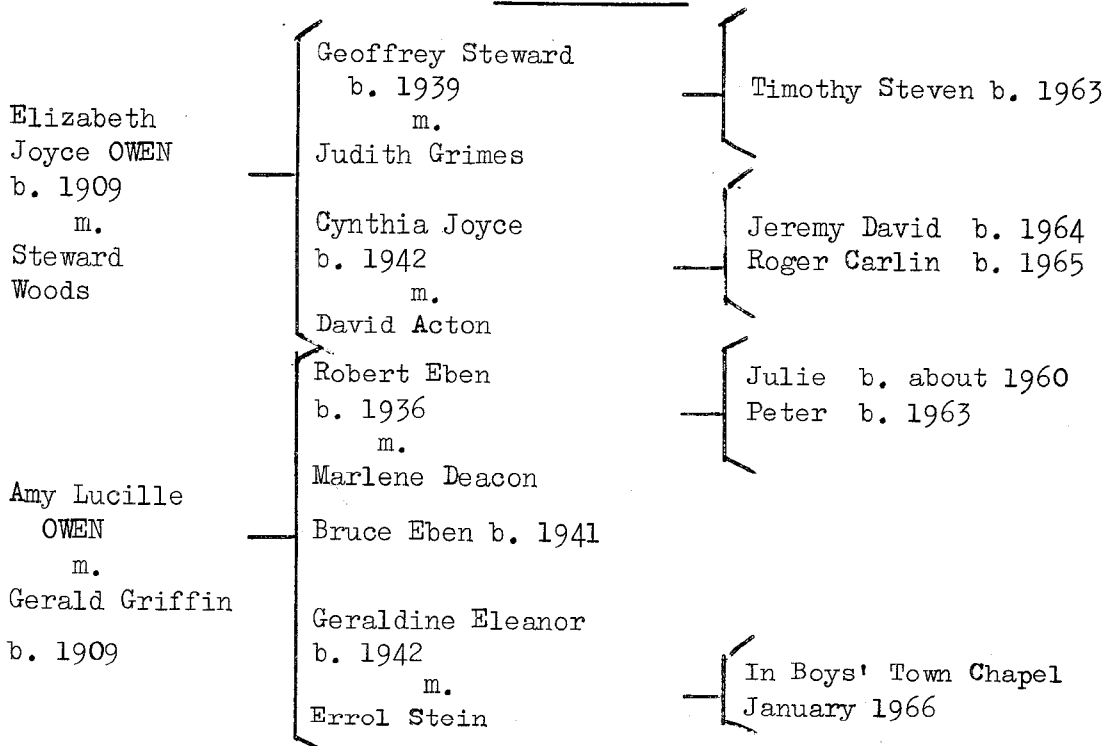
- Note 1) George Wm. Davis was born at sea, and he died at Egoso.
Ann Jane Davis died at Engcobo.
- 2) Since compiling the above page, the death has occurred of Robert Reeves (Bob) Davis, at Engcobo on 4th August 1967.
Mr. Davis supplied most of the above information.

BARNETT (DAVIS) FAMILYNotes:

Elizabeth Davis was born at Post Victoria.
 Robert Barnett was born at King Williams Town,
 and died at East London.
 Ellen (Nellie) Barnett died at Port Alfred.
 Rev. J.W.W. Owen was born and died in the United Kingdom.

DAVIS FAMILY

Ellen died in Port Elizabeth. They were married in Adelaide, Cape, in 1871. There are still Sparks in Adelaide, probably descendants, but they know very little.

OWEN FAMILY

THE GATELY FAMILY

	ROSANNA	(1860-1929) Born at King Williams Town and died at East London. Dominican Sister.
	JOHN	(1863-1906)m. Mildred Benn, and had two sons - Jack died in E. Africa in 1914/18 War, and Lewis, who died in 1960. No issue.
	MARGARET	(1865-1869)
	EDWARD	(1867-1911) Died in Rhodesia. Bachelor.
	MARY	(1869-1930) Lived all her life at Park Gates - did not marry.
JOHN GATELY 1829-1902	ARTHUR	1871-1941) Born and died at East London (Bachelor).
m. MARY ANNE DAVIS 1840-1920	THOMAS	(1874-1899) Born and died at East London (Enteric).
	LEWIS	(1876-1952) "Father Lew"; R.C. Priest.
	MARGARET	(1879-1966) Born and died at East London. Always lived at Park Gates.
	RICHARD	(1881-1925) m. Charlotte Hilda Von Rosen (Doon) in 1918. They had three children: Richard 1920-1925; Maureen b. 1921 and Joan b. 1922. Dick Gately died in Tabankulu from effects of War, and Doon died in August 1958.
	FRED	(1883-1916) Fred was an attorney. He was killed at Delville Wood 1916.
	NORA	(1886-1955) Nora did not marry - spent all her life at Park Gates.

Note John Gately and Mary Anne Davis married on 23rd December 1857 at King Williams Town.

Maureen Agnes
GATELY b. 1921
m.

James Ward

Andrew b. 1954

Domiciled in England - marriage since dissolved. (Re-married Geoffrey Walsh?)

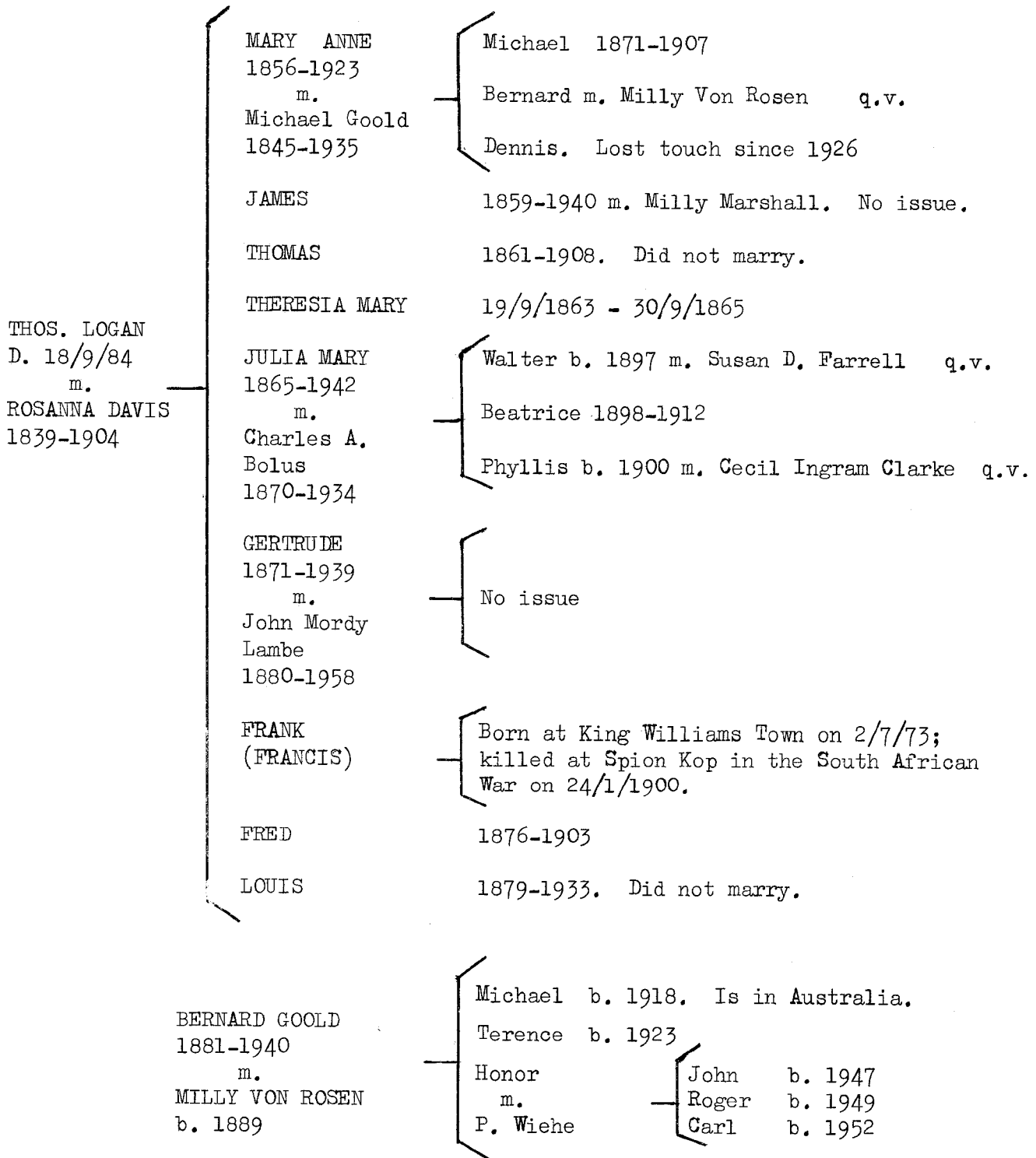
Joan GATELY
b. 1922
m.
Geo Conning

Garth b. 1948
Anthony b. 1951

George Conning was killed in a military flying accident at Pretoria.

Joan
re-married
Maurice Dreyer
at Maseru
30/1/1954

Karen 1954-1964
Sheryll b. 1956
Ahanda b. 1957
Christopher b. 1960
Richard b. 1961

THE LOGAN FAMILYNote

Thos. Logan and Rosanna Davis were married at King Williams Town on 23rd December 1855.

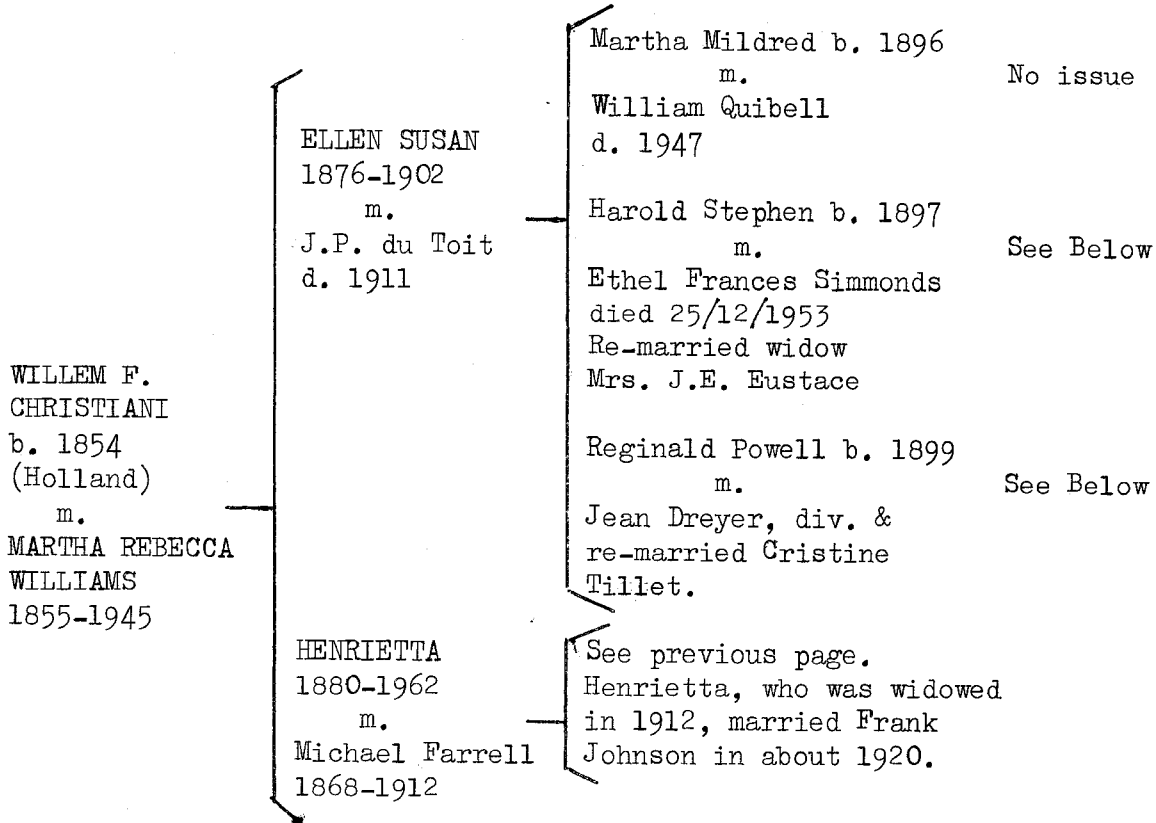
Thos. Logan died at King Williams Town, and Rosanna Logan died at the Kowie (Port Alfred) in 1904.

THE FARRELLS

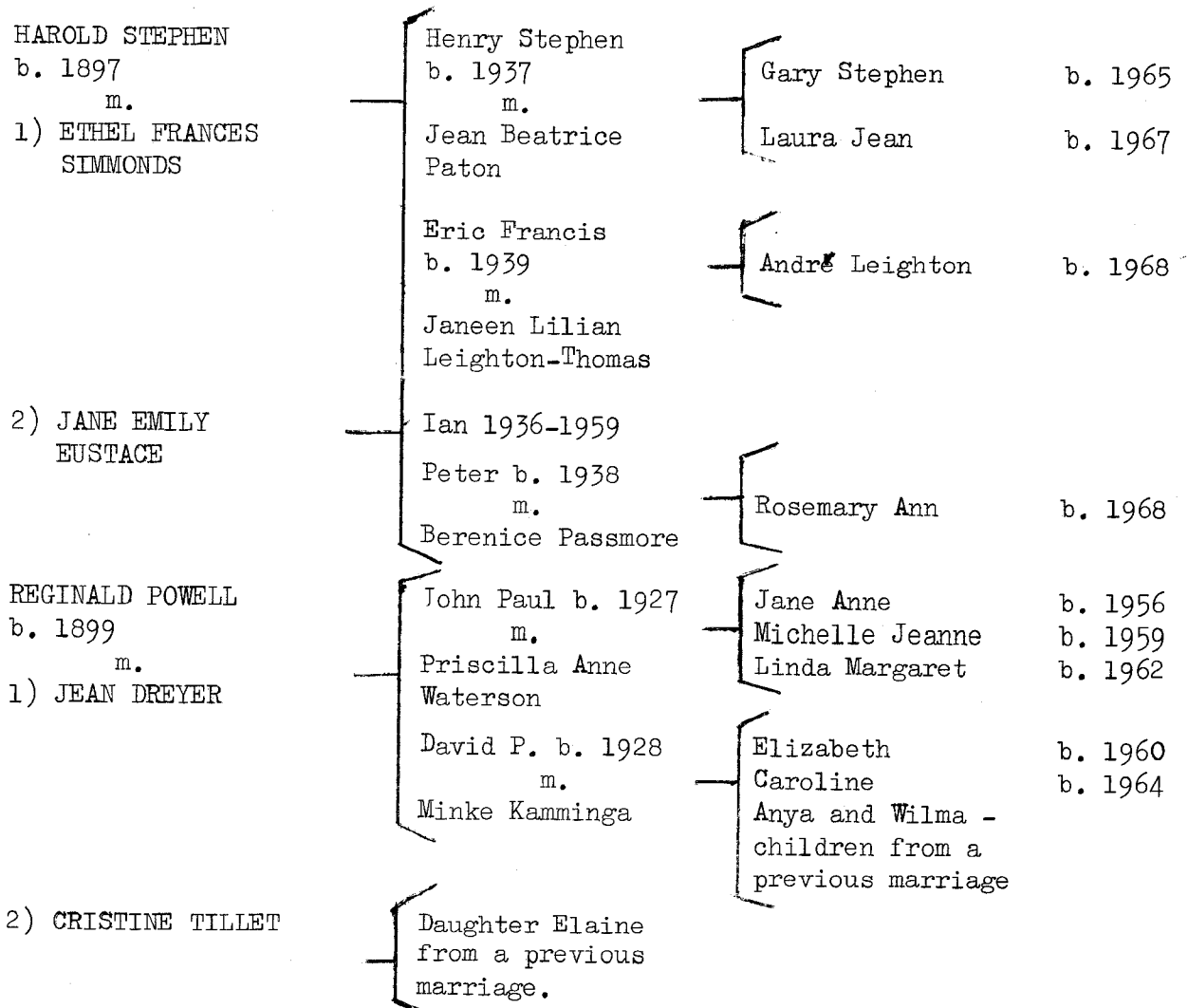
	ANNE	born in Ireland.
	MARGARET	
	MARY (MINNY) m. Doyle	{ Michael d. 1925 Girlie Theresa (Tessie)
	MARY later re-married P.W. GREENE	{ Dolly Dicky killed in a mine accident.
JAMES FARRELL m. ANN BRADY 1825/1897	ELLEN d. 1900 m. Vos	{ Clifford, has a son also Clifford Maxie is dead Tommy lives at Hermanus Lilly is dead; she was married to Yearsley. Her daughter is Joy Oldridge. Maud died about 1962 in her late 70's. She was the widow of Ambrose Warner. Her only child, John, born about 1921.
	JAMES	
	BRIDGET	
	JOHN	
	MICHAEL 1868-1912 m. Henrietta Christiani 1880-1962	{ Susan Doris 1898-1964 m. W. Bolus q.v. Hilda Ann b. 1900 m. Wright, and their son John b. 1922 killed in last War. Michael b. 1901 - lost touch Stephen b. 1902 - went to Australia disappeared.

THE WILLIAMS

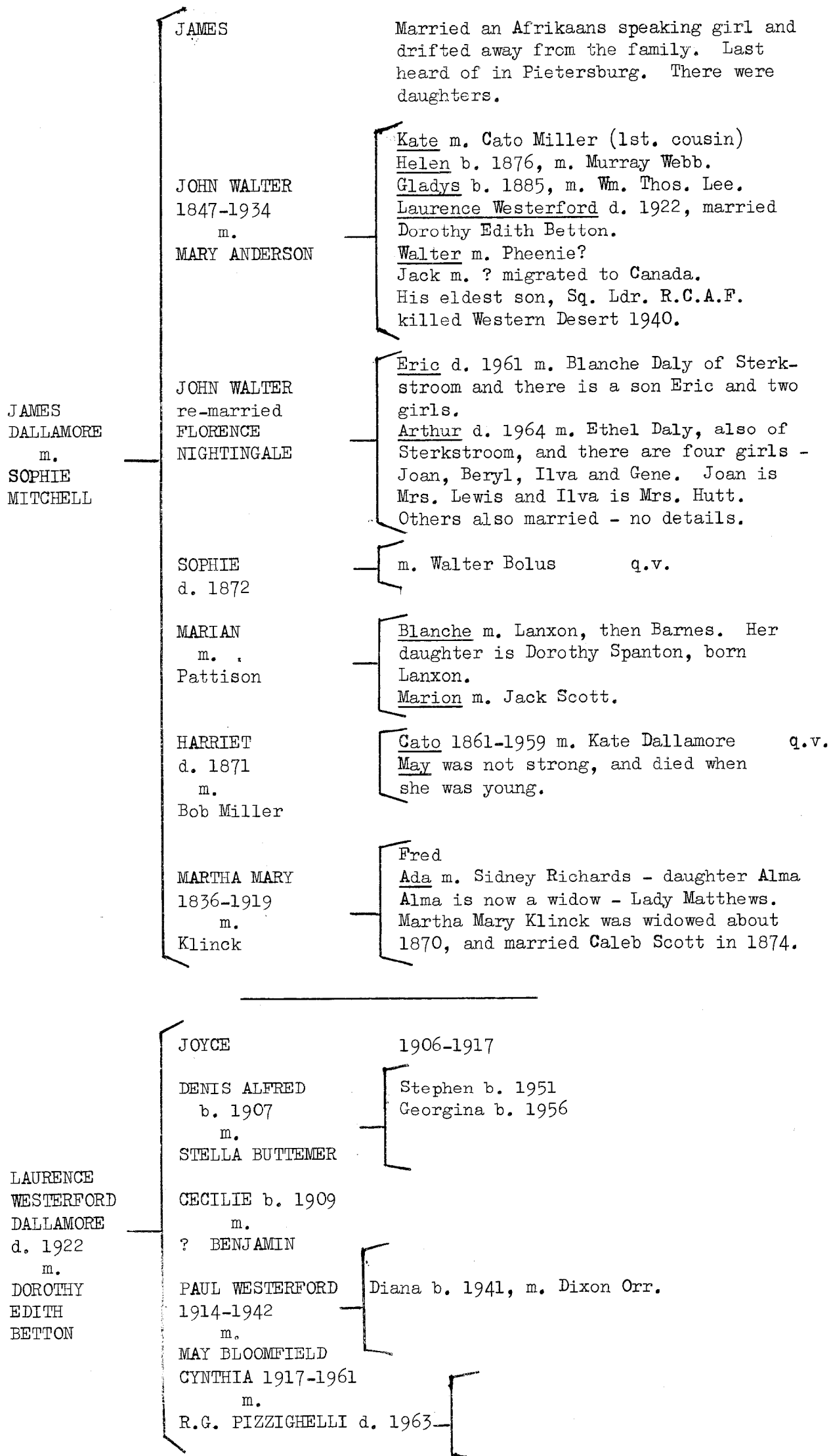
HENRY WILLIAMS d. 1878 m.	{ Their only child was Martha Rebecca, who was born in London in 1855, and she married Willem F. Christiani. Late in life, at the age of 77, she was married for the second time to Captain Algernon Sydney Graves, a Police pensioner.
ELLEN COLE 1833-1878	

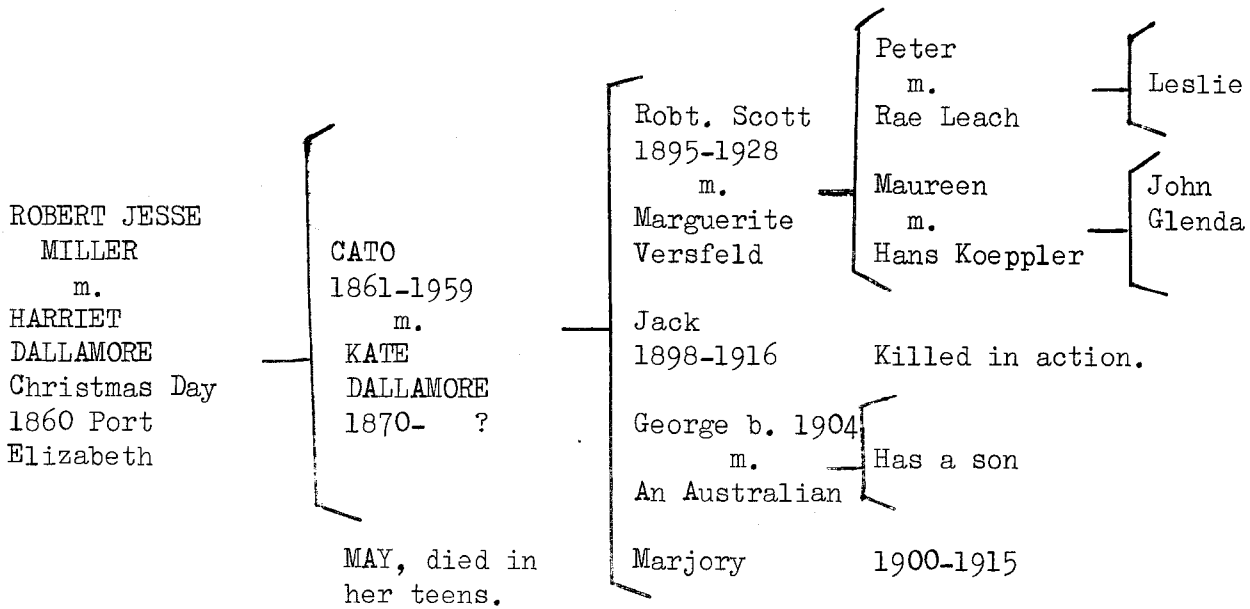
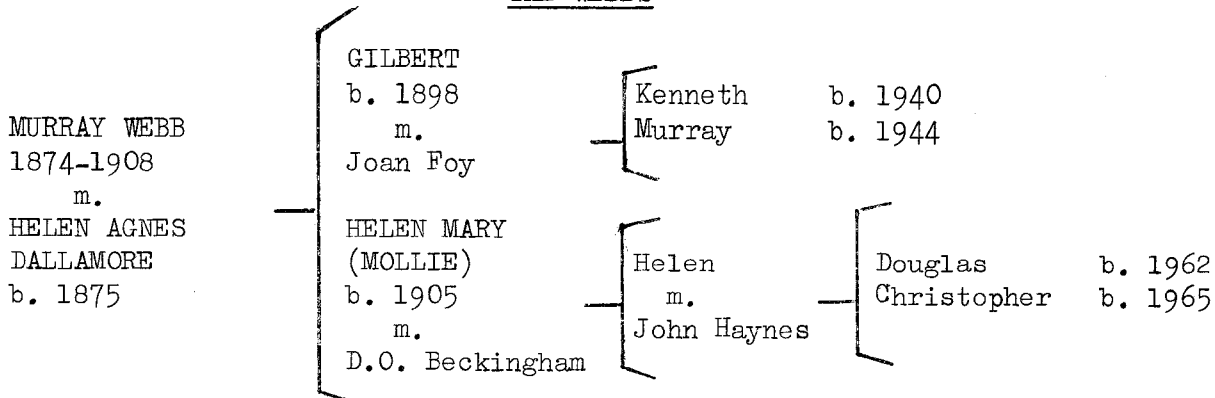
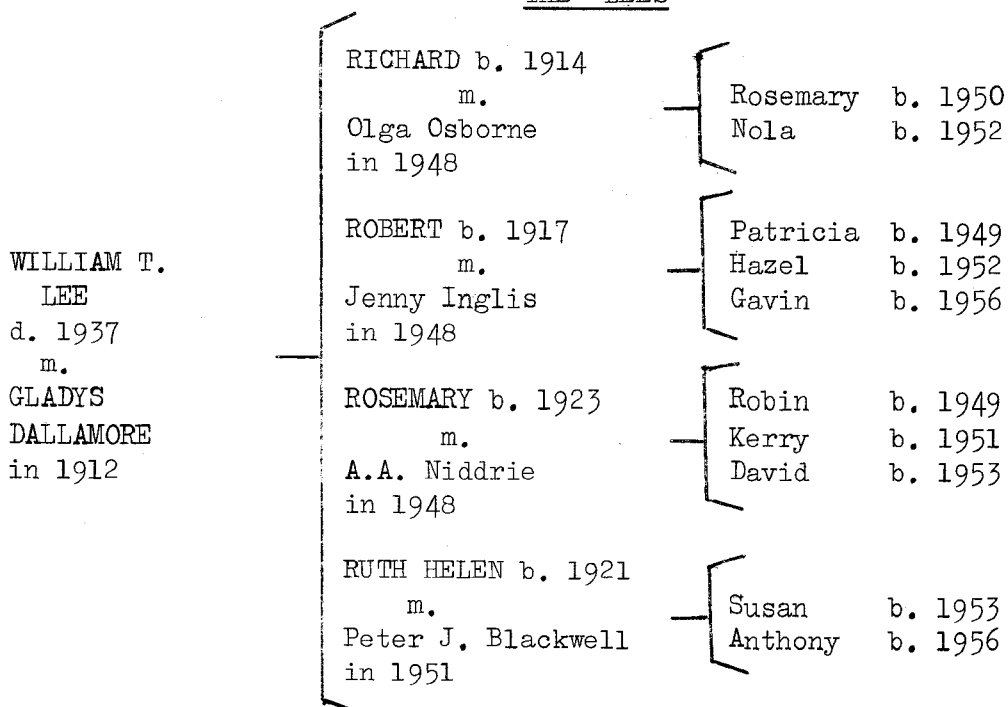
THE CHRISTIANIS AND THE DU TOITS

Note: W.F. Christiani had a brother Casper, and sisters Elizabeth, Minny and one other.

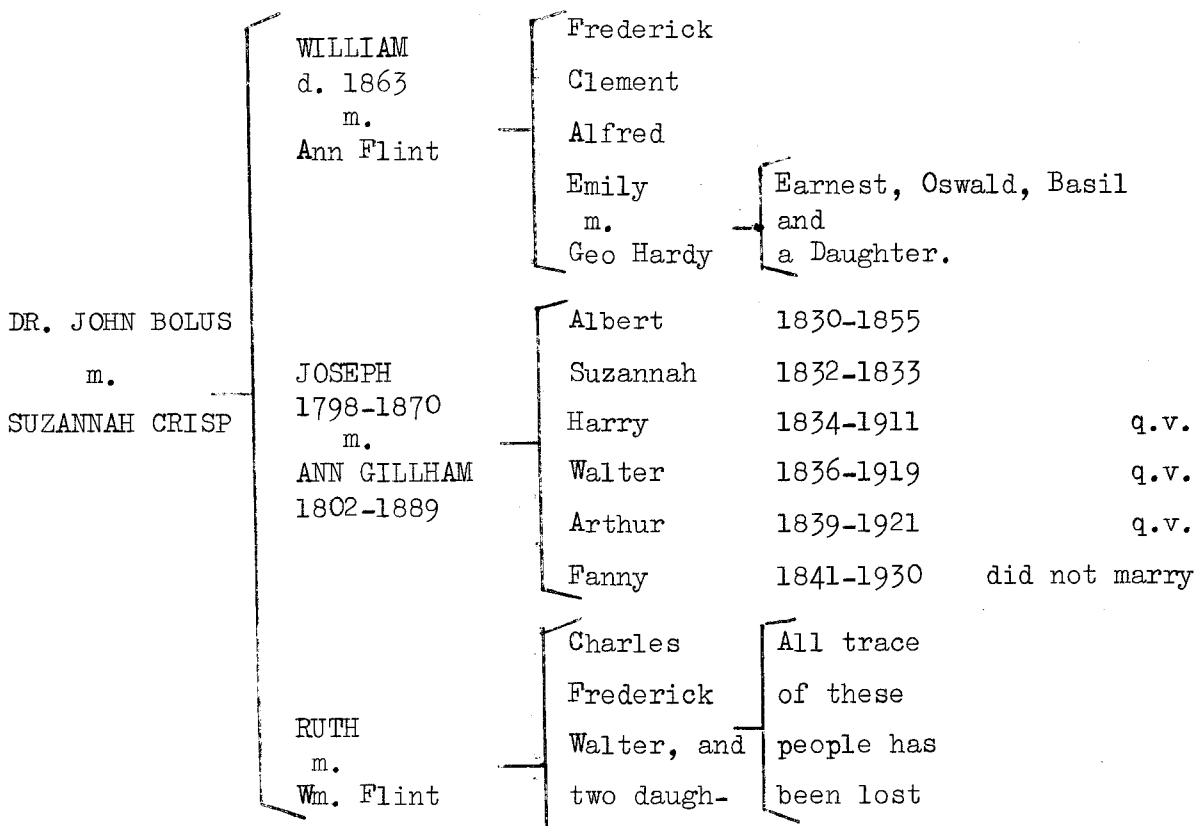
THE DU TOITS

DALLAMORE FAMILY

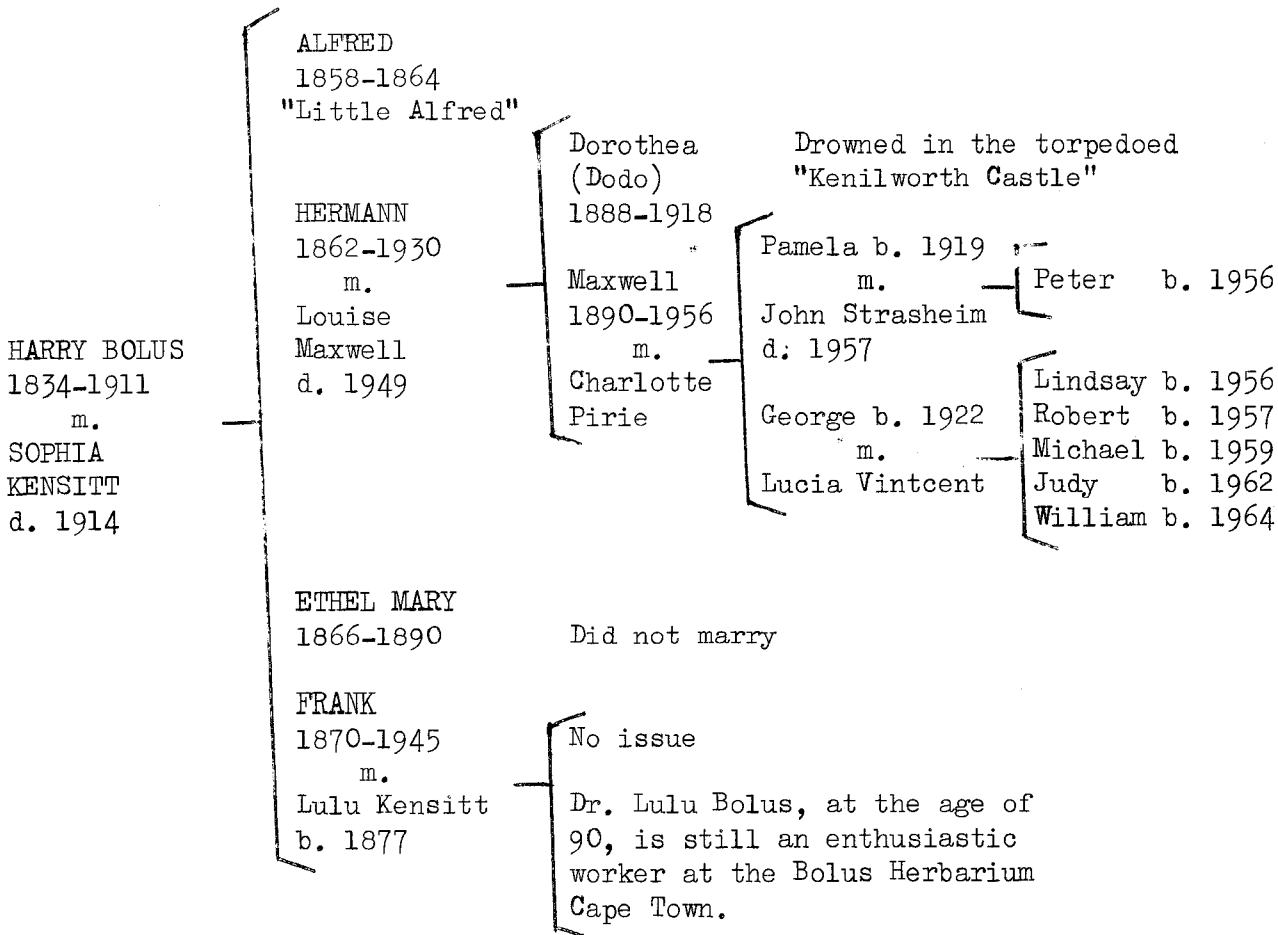


DALLAMORE FAMILYTHE MILLERSTHE WEBBSTHE LEES

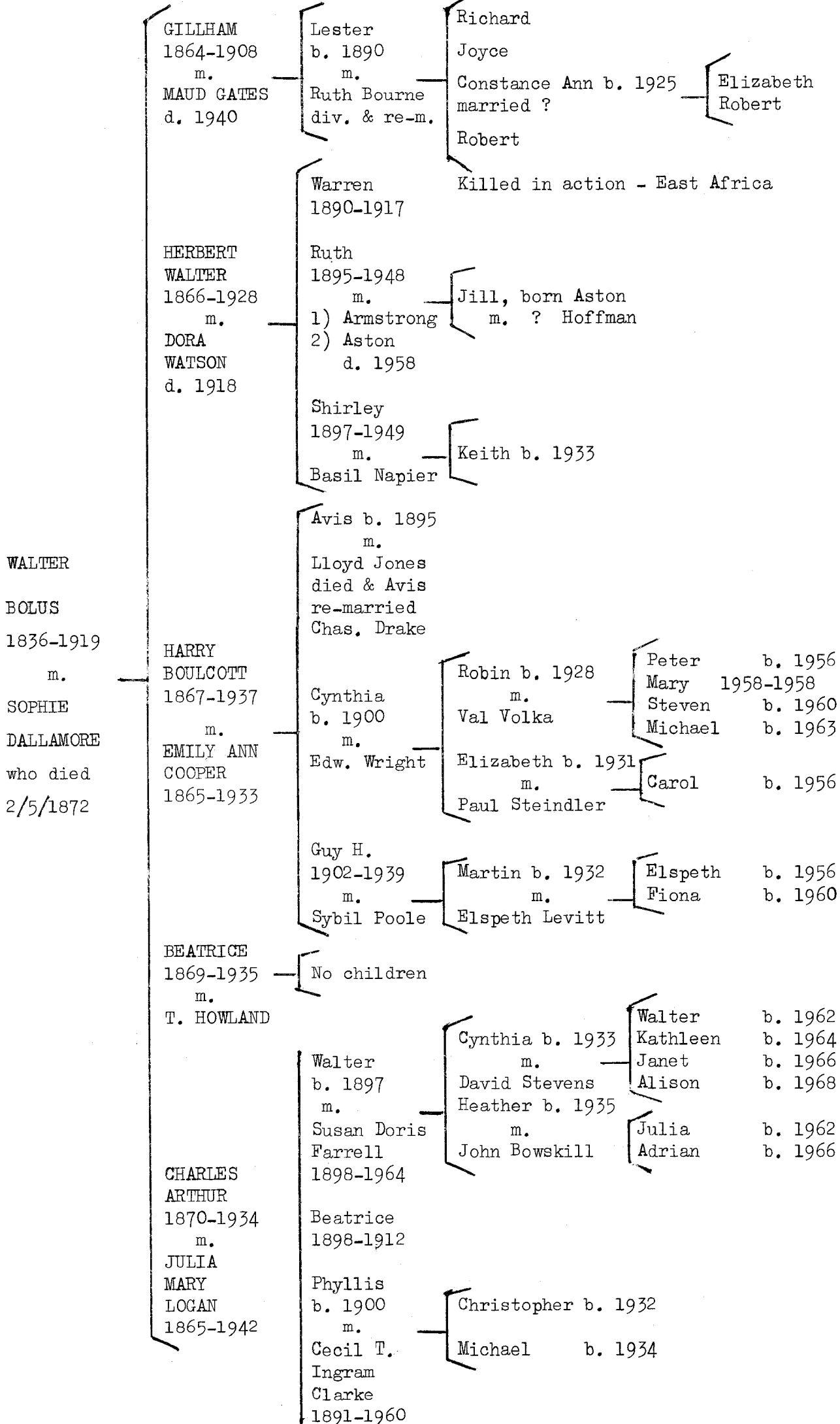
BOLUS FAMILY



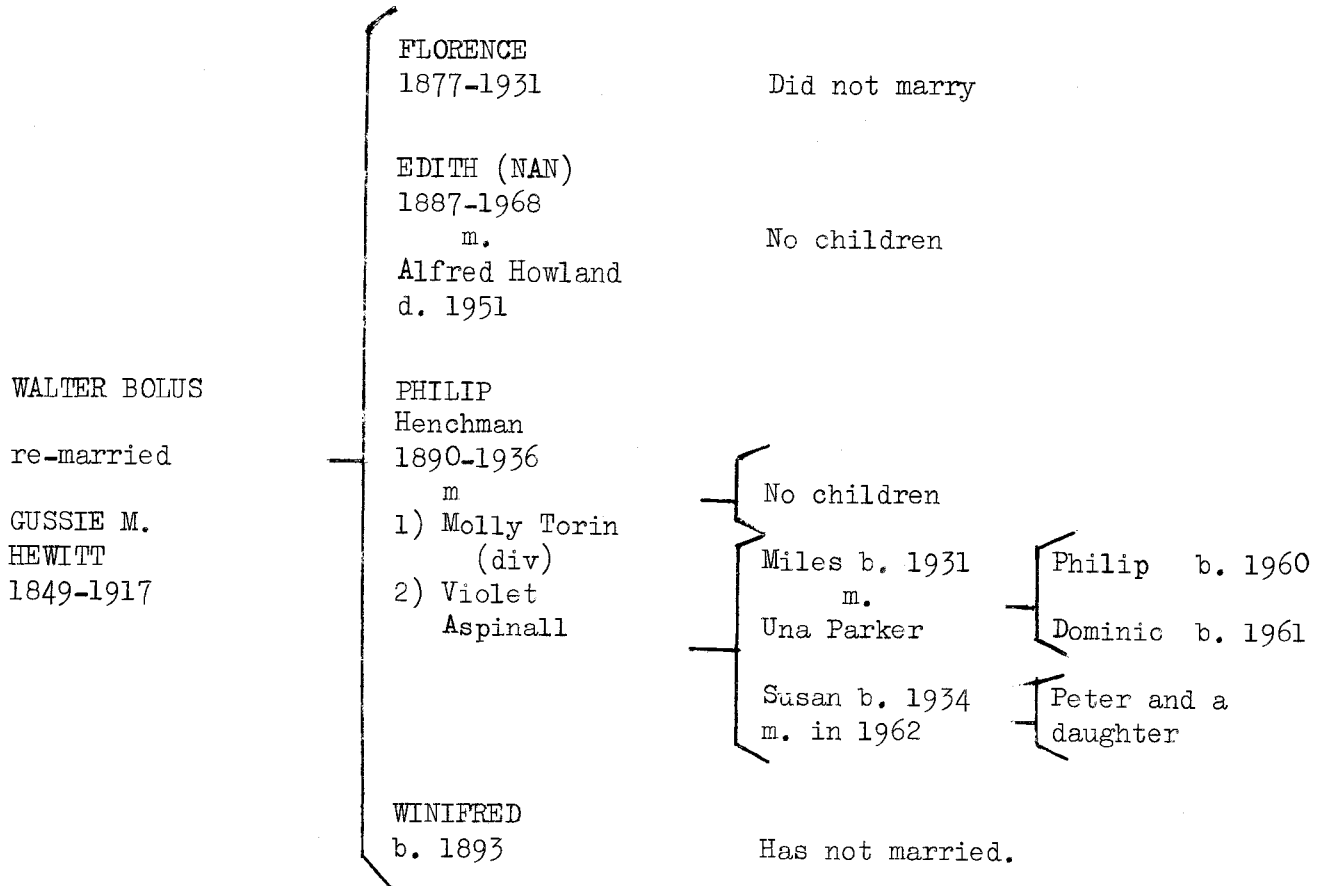
Note: Joseph Bolus married Ann Gillham at St. Paul's Church, Bedford on 3rd May, 1828.
Joseph Bolus is buried in Welford Road Cemetery, Leicester.



BOLUS FAMILY

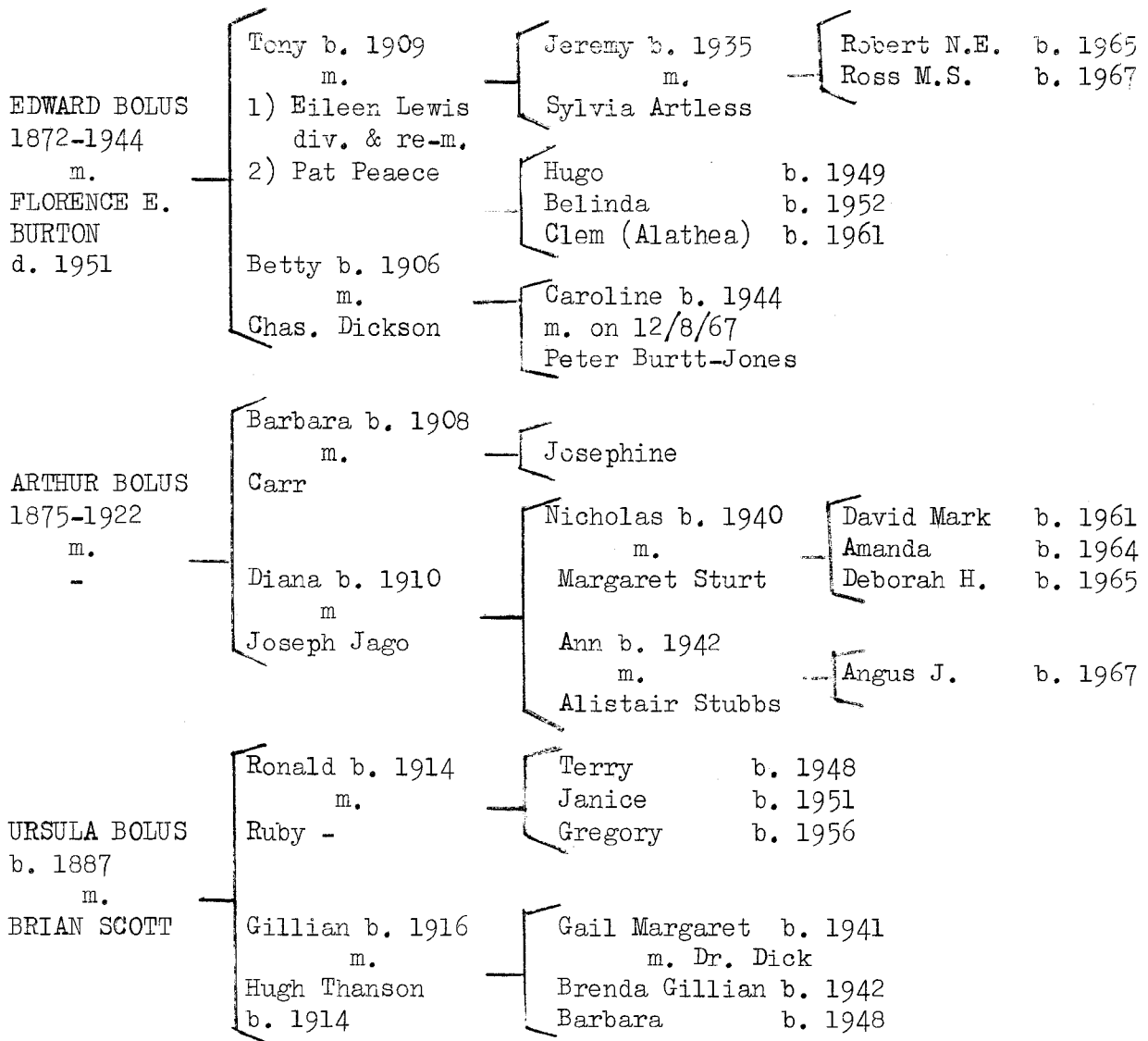


BOLUS FAMILY



BOLUS FAMILY

		Cedric 1902-1961 m. Millicent Veale b. 1908	Mary b. 1943 m. Bruce Allen	Bruce D. b. 1967
			Anthea b. 1945 Richard b. 1949	
		Norman b. 1903 m. Nancy Robey b. 1907	Barbara Ann b. 1931 m. Russell Gatt	John b. 1965 Susan b. 1966
			Michael b. 1934 m. Karina Brehner b. 1941	Marc b. 1961
ALFRED 1871-1952 m. ZIMA PALMER 1878-1925		Joyce b. 1906 m. Reg Luman b. 1906	No children	
		Osmund (twin) 1909-1964 m Nancy Klopper b. Adkins	Christopher b. 1948	
ARTHUR BOLUS 1839-1921 m. MARY PAINTER 1843-1915		Quentin (twin). b. 1909 m. 1) Mavis Theunissen 2) Britta Louise Home 1925-1964	David b. 1941 Jeffrey b. 1950 Robert b. 1952	
EDWARD 1872-1944. m. Nel Burton d. 1951		q.v.		
ARTHUR 1875-1922		q.v.		
AUDREY 1876-1947		Did not marry		
MARGARET		b. and d. 1878		
GERALD		Did not marry	(1880-1966)	
MARGARET 1883-1890				
URSULA b. 1887 m. Brian Scott		q.v.		

BOLUS FAMILYNote:

The descendants of Arthur Bolus and Mary Painter have not become South Africans to the same extent as their cousins.

Alfred came to this country as a young man in 1889 to help his uncle Harry (later Dr. Harry Bolus) in the stock broking business of Bolus Bros., and he also helped in Harry's herbarium. After the old man's death in 1911, Alfred took over the business and was later helped by his sons Norman, Osmund and Quentin.

Alfred was a keen mountaineer and collector of plant specimens, and found many disas, erica and orchids, having a red erica named after him - erica alfredie. He found this plant 4,800 feet up the mountain at Rivier Sonder End in the Caledon District.

Ursula, his youngest sister, went to Canada in 1913 to marry Brian Scott, an Englishman whom she had met at home in England. They have a wheat farm at Moosejaw, Saskatchewan, and have never returned to visit their homeland.

STEVENS - CROSBY - GOULDING - CAMPBELL
FAMILIES

GEO CALLCOTT
STEVENS
1820-1880
m.
MARY HORSLEY
1823-1886

Callcott Maximillian 1850-1923
George Henry 1845-1924
Cecil
Fanny, who married Capt. Stubbs R.N.
and there were
three others

q.v.

MICHAEL CROSBY
1834-1895
m.
MARY HUSKISSON
1836-1920

There were ten children of this
marriage, including Sophy Crosby,
who was born in 1860.

q.v.

REUBEN GOULDING
1841-1882
m.
HARIETTE FREEMANTLE
1842-1900

There were six children, including
Charles Freemantle 1861-1946, who
married Elizabeth Campbell.

q.v.

DONALD CAMPBELL
1830-1870
m.
ELIZABETH HOLTON
1835-1889

There were seven children, including
Elizabeth 1867-1927, who married
Charles F. Goulding.

q.v.

CALLCOTT
MAXIMILLIAN
STEVENS
1850-1923
m.
SOPHY CROSBY
1860-1925

Augustus Wall Callcott d. 1887 in infancy
Dorothy Manners Callcott d. 1894

Victor Aylen
Callcott
b. 1891
m.
1) Ann Thomson
1892-1927

William (Billy)
m.
Louise Nell

Aylen b. 1945
Gussie b. 1947
Richard b. 1950

Margery
m.
Mark
Swain
d. 1951

Joan b. 1940
m.
Rory Adams

Albert
b. 1962
Mark
b. 1964

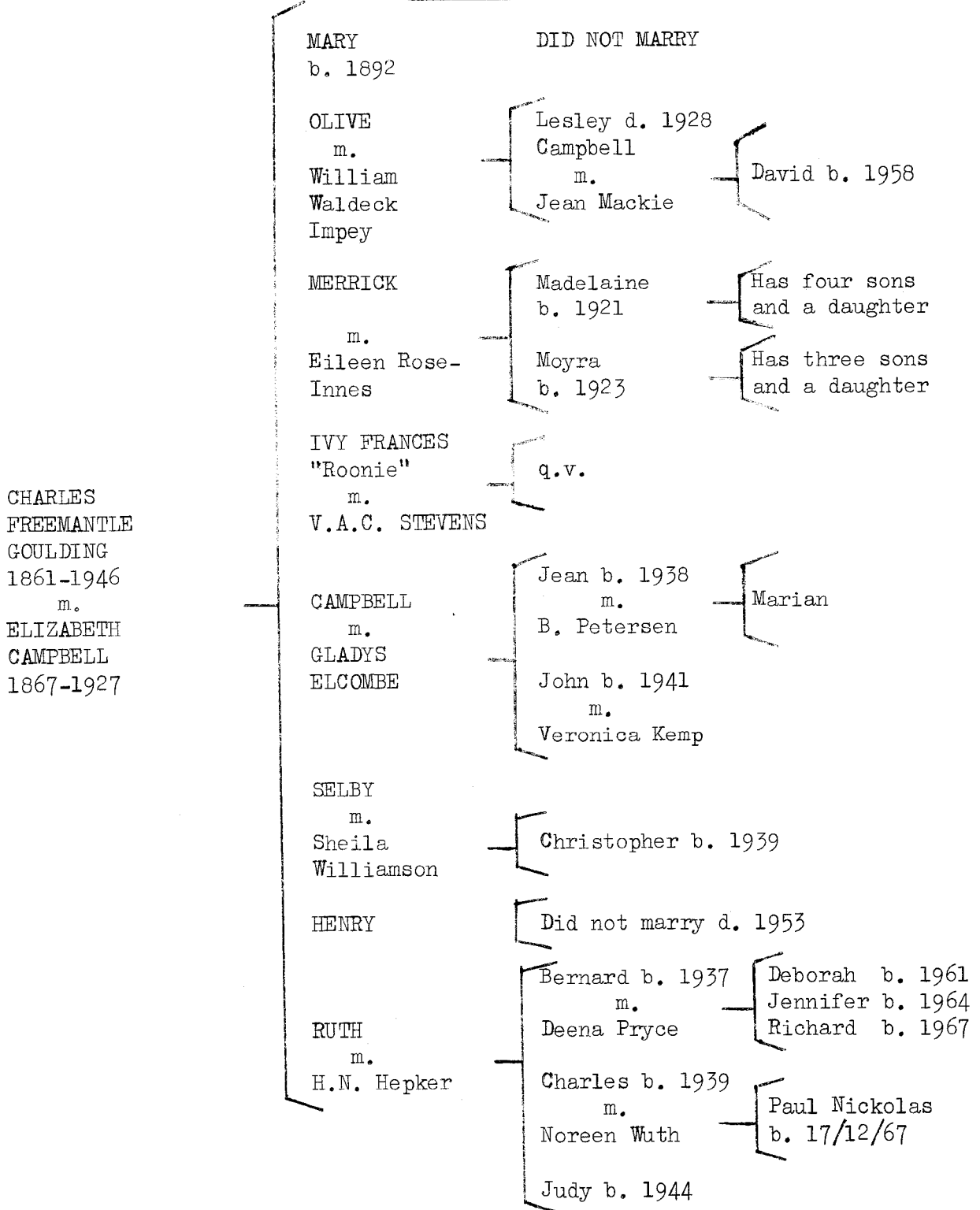
Louise b.
1942 m.
L. Moore

2) Ivy F.
Goulding

David C.C.
b. 1932
m.
Cynthia
Anne Bolus
b. 1933

Walter Aylen b. 1962
Kathleen Mary b. 1964
Janet Susan b. 1966
Alison b. 1968

STEVENS - CROSBY - GOULDING - CAMPBELL
FAMILIES



BOWSKILL FAMILY

RICHARD
 BOWSKILL
 m.
 HELEN ?

WILLIAM 1860-1929
 m.
 PHOEBE SEED q.v.
 MARY
 RICHARD
 JOSEPHINE did not marry
 JOHN
 HELEN
 SARAH did not marry
 JESSIE m. Walter Strode
 MARTHA m. Edward Guy

THOMAS SEED
 m.
 ELEANOR WILSON

ANN b. 27/2/1858
 HANNAH b. 6/4/1860, d. 13/11/1927
 SARAH AGNES b. 22/8/1861
 PHOEBE 1867 - 1915
 m.
 William Bowskill q.v.

FRANCIS JOSEPH
 FAHY
 1870-1957
 m.
 MARY CONWAY
 WESTWOOD
 1877-1955

BERNARD
 1907-1944
 m.
 Mabel ?

ANNIE WESTWOOD
 b. 1909
 m.
 JOHN BOWSKILL

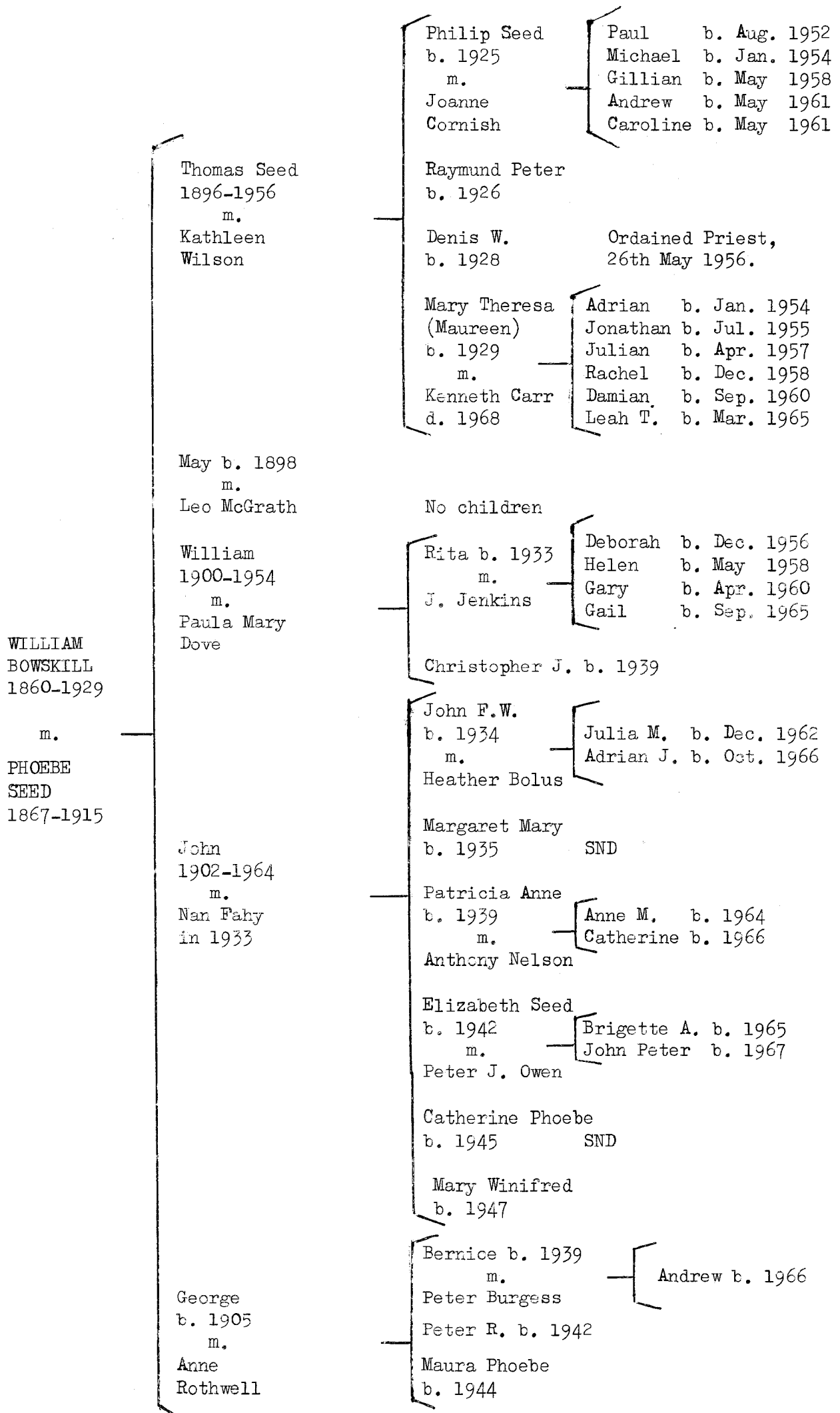
LEWIS WILLIAM
 1911-1959

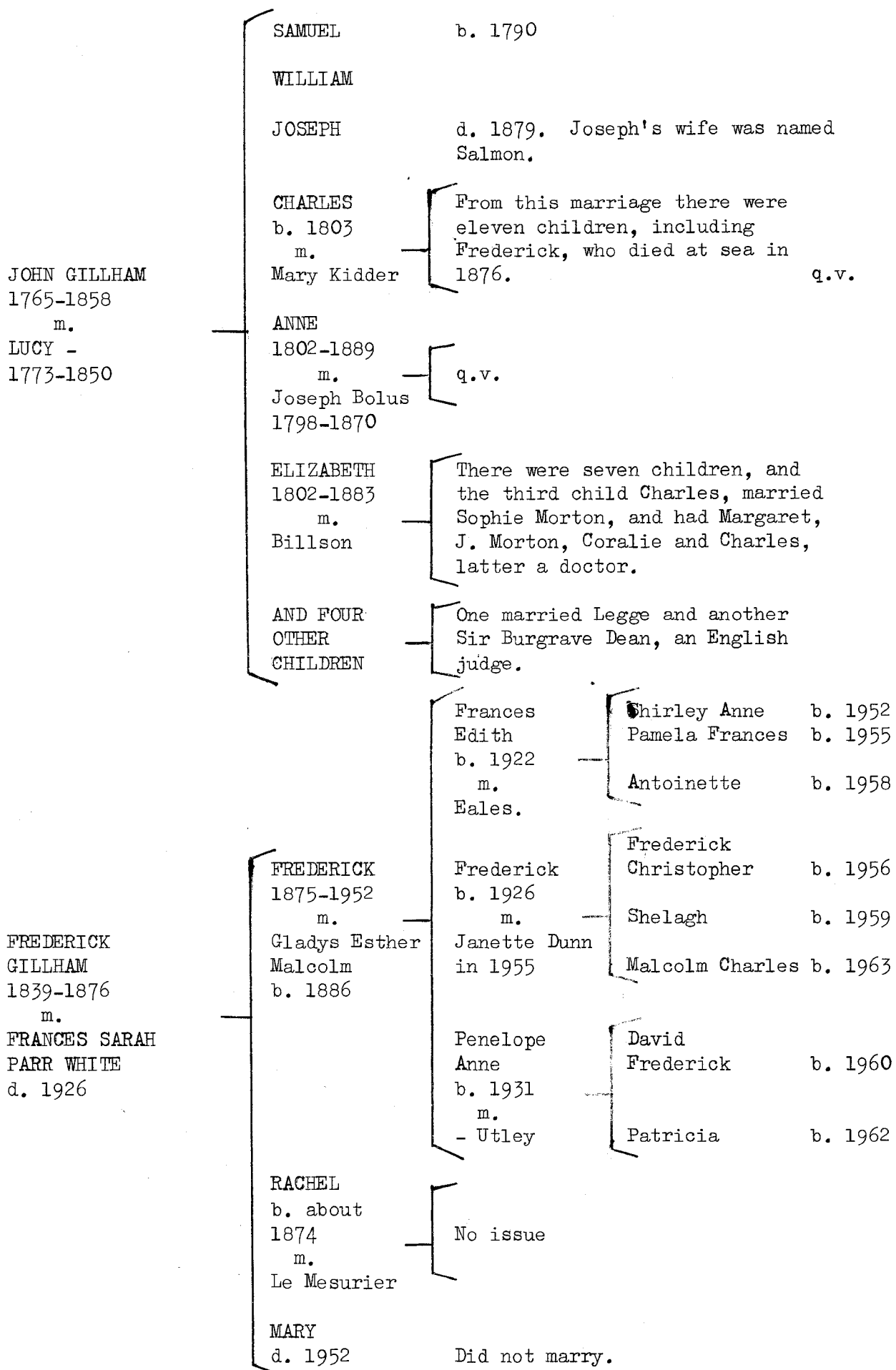
Joan Margaret
 b. 1935
 m.
 John Thompson

Michael b. 1942

Michael
 Andrew
 John
 Peter

q.v.

BOWSKILL FAMILY

GILLHAM FAMILY

CLARKE FAMILY

CHARLES CLARKE m. SARAH THURSTON	James Thomas 1865-1926 m. Ellen Evans 1865-1926	Cecil Thos. Ingram 1891-1960 Sidney Robert b. 1893	q.v. q.v.
		Reginald Harry 1895-1966	q.v.

CECIL THOMAS INGRAM CLARKE 1891-1960 m. 1) Margorie Helen Smith 1891-1924	Phyllis b. 1920 m. Peter Solomon b. 1923 Bernard b. 1922 m. Margaret Collingwood Yvonne b. 1923 m. Willi Kohler 1922-1967	Paul Kevin Elizabeth Charles Rosemary	b. June 1948 b. Dec. 1950 b. Aug. 1952 b. Mar. 1955 b. June 1957
		Michael Margaret Frances Mary John Austin Paul	b. Sept. 1948 b. May 1950 b. Oct. 1951 b. Dec. 1954 b. Aug. 1956 b. May 1961 b. June 1963
		William Werner Marie Lou Rosemary Richard	b. Sept. 1949 b. Feb. 1951 b. Jan. 1953 b. Oct. 1955 b. Feb. 1957
re-married 2) Phyllis Gertrude Bolus b. 1900	Christopher Michael	b. 1932 b. 1934	Single do.

SIDNEY ROBERT CLARKE b. 1893 m. Winifred Doherty	Tommy b. 1939 m. Ruth Mitchell
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REGINALD HARRY CLARKE 1895-1966 m. Thelma Sater	Lynette b. 1926 m. Ian Farmer
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